

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

### CHAPTER LV.

HE was taken to the Police Court next day, and would have been immediately committed for trial, but that it was necessary to send down for an old officer of the prison-ship from which he had once escaped, to speak to his identity. Nobody doubted it; but, Compeyson, who had meant to depose to it, was tumbling on the tides, dead, and it happened that there was not at that time any prison officer in London who could give the required evidence. I had gone direct to Mr. Jaggers at his private house, on my arrival overnight, to retain his assistance, and Mr. Jaggers on the prisoner's behalf would admit nothing. It was the sole resource, for he told me that the case must be over in five minutes when the witness was there, and that no power on earth could prevent its going against us.

I imparted to Mr. Jaggers my design of keeping him in ignorance of the fate of his wealth. Mr. Jaggers was querulous and angry with me for having "let it slip through my fingers," and said we must memorialise by-and-by, and try at all events for some of it. But, he did not conceal from me that although there might be many cases in which the forfeiture would not be exacted, there were no circumstances in this case to make it one of them. I understood that, very well. I was not related to the outlaw, or connected with him by any recognisable tie; he had put his hand to no writing or settlement in my favour before his apprehension, and to do so now would be idle. I had no claim, and I finally resolved, and ever afterwards abided by the resolution, that my heart should never be sickened with the hopeless task of attempting to establish one.

There appeared to be reason for supposing that the drowned informer had hoped for a reward out of this forfeiture, and had obtained some accurate knowledge of Magwitch's affairs. When his body was found, many miles from the scene of his death, and so horribly disfigured that he was only recognisable by the contents of his pockets, notes were still legible, folded in a case he carried. Among these, were the name of a banking-house in New South Wales where a sum of money was, and

the designation of certain lands of considerable value. Both these heads of information were in a list that Magwitch, while in prison, gave to Mr. Jaggers, of the possessions he supposed I should inherit. His ignorance, poor fellow, at last served him; he never mistrusted but that my inheritance was quite safe, with Mr. Jaggers's aid.

After three days' delay, during which the crown prosecution stood over for the production of the witness from the prison-ship, the witness came, and completed the easy case. He was committed to take his trial at the next Sessions, which would come on in a month.

It was at this dark time of my life that Herbert returned home one evening, a good deal cast down, and said:

"My dear Handel, I fear I shall soon have to leave you."

His partner having prepared me for that, I was less surprised than he thought.

"We shall lose a fine opportunity if I put off going to Cairo, and I am very much afraid I must go, Handel, when you most need me."

"Herbert, I shall always need you, because I shall always love you; but my need is no greater now, than at another time."

"You will be so lonely."

"I have not leisure to think of that," said I.

"You know that I am always with him to the full extent of the time allowed, and that I should be with him all day long, if I could. And when I come away from him, you know that my thoughts are with him."

The dreadful condition to which he was brought, was so appalling to both of us, that we could not refer to it in plainer words.

"My dear fellow," said Herbert, "let the near prospect of our separation—for, it is very near—be my justification for troubling you about yourself. Have you thought of your future?"

"No, for I have been afraid to think of any future."

"But, yours cannot be dismissed; indeed, my dear dear Handel, it must not be dismissed. I wish you would enter on it now, as far as a few friendly words go, with me."

"I will," said I.

"In this branch house of ours, Handel, we must have a——"

I saw that his delicacy was avoiding the right word, so I said, "A clerk."

"A clerk. And I hope it is not at all unlikely that he may expand (as a clerk of your acquaintance has expanded) into a partner. Now, Handel—in short, my dear boy, will you come to me?"

There was something charmingly cordial and engaging in the manner in which after saying "Now, Handel," as if it were the grave beginning of a portentous business exordium, he had suddenly given up that tone, stretched out his honest hand, and spoken like a school-boy.

"Clara and I have talked about it again and again," Herbert pursued, "and the dear little thing begged me only this evening, with tears in her eyes, to say to you that if you will live with us when we come together, she will do her best to make you happy, and to convince her husband's friend that he is her friend too. We should get on so well, Handel!"

I thanked her heartily, and I thanked him heartily, but said I could not yet make sure of joining him as he so kindly offered. Firstly, my mind was too preoccupied to be able to take in the subject clearly. Secondly—Yes! Secondly, there was a vague something lingering in my thoughts that will come out very near the end of this slight narrative.

"But if you thought, Herbert, that you could, without doing any injury to your business, leave the question open for a little while——"

"For any while," cried Herbert. "Six months, a year!"

"Not so long as that," said I. "Two or three months at most."

Herbert was highly delighted when we shook hands on this arrangement, and said he could now take courage to tell me that he believed he must go away at the end of the week.

"And Clara?" said I.

"The dear little thing," returned Herbert, "holds dutifully to her father as long as he lasts; but he won't last long. Mrs. Whimple confides to me that he is certainly going."

"Not to say an unfeeling thing," said I, "he cannot do better than go."

"I am afraid that must be admitted," said Herbert: "and then I shall come back for the dear little thing, and the dear little thing and I will walk quietly into the nearest church. Remember! The blessed darling comes of no family, my dear Handel, and never looked into the red book, and hasn't a notion about her grandpapa. What a fortune for the son of my mother!"

On the Saturday in that same week, I took my leave of Herbert—full of bright hope, but sad and sorry to leave me—as he sat on one of the seaport mail coaches. I went into a coffee-house to write a little note to Clara, telling her he had gone off sending his love to her over and over again, and then went to my lonely home—if it deserved the name, for it was now no home to me, and I had no home anywhere.

On the stairs I encountered Wemmick, who was coming down, after an unsuccessful application of his knuckles to my door. I had not seen

him alone, since the disastrous issue of the attempted flight; and he had come, in his private and personal capacity, to say a few words of explanation in reference to that failure.

"The late Compeyson," said Wemmick, "had by little and little got at the bottom of half of the regular business now transacted, and it was from the talk of some of his people in trouble (some of his people being always in trouble) that I heard what I did. I kept my ears open, seeming to have them shut, until I heard that he was absent, and I thought that would be the best time for making the attempt. I can only suppose now, that it was part of his policy, as a very clever man, habitually to deceive his own instruments. You don't blame me, I hope, Mr. Pip? I am sure I tried to serve you, with all my heart."

"I am as sure of that, Wemmick, as you can be, and I thank you most earnestly for all your interest and friendship."

"Thank you, thank you very much. It's a bad job," said Wemmick, scratching his head, "and I assure you I haven't been so out up for a long time. What I look at, is the sacrifice of so much portable property. Dear me!"

"What I think of, Wemmick, is the poor owner of the property."

"Yes, to be sure," said Wemmick. "Of course there can be no objection to your being sorry for him, and I'd put down a five-pound note myself to get him out of it. But what I look at, is this. The late Compeyson having been beforehand with him in intelligence of his return, and being so determined to bring him to book, I do not think he could have been saved. Whereas, the portable property certainly could have been saved. That's the difference between the property and the owner, don't you see?"

I invited Wemmick to come up-stairs, and refresh himself with a glass of grog before walking to Walworth. He accepted the invitation. While he was drinking his moderate allowance, he said, with nothing to lead up to it, and after having appeared rather fidgety:

"What do you think of my meaning to take a holiday on Monday, Mr. Pip?"

"Why, I suppose you have not done such a thing these twelve months."

"These twelve years, more likely," said Wemmick. "Yes. I'm going to take a holiday. More than that; I'm going to take a walk. More than that; I'm going to ask you to take a walk with me."

I was about to excuse myself, as being but a bad companion just then, when Wemmick anticipated me.

"I know your engagements," said he, "and I know you are out of sorts, Mr. Pip. But if you could oblige me, I should take it as a kindness. It ain't a long walk, and it's an early one. Say it might occupy you (including breakfast on the walk) from eight to twelve. Couldn't you stretch a point and manage it?"

He had done so much for me at various times, that this was very little to do for him. I said I

could manage it—would manage it—and he was so very much pleased by my acquiescence, that I was pleased too. At his particular request, I appointed to call for him at the Castle at half-past eight on Monday morning, and so we parted for the time.

Punctual to my appointment, I rang at the Castle gate on the Monday morning, and was received by Wemmick himself: who struck me as looking tighter than usual, and having a sleeker hat on. Within, there were two glasses of rum-and-milk prepared, and two biscuits. The Aged must have been stirring with the lark, for, glancing into the perspective of his bedroom, I observed that his bed was empty.

When we had fortified ourselves with the rum-and-milk and biscuits, and were going out for the walk with that training preparation on us, I was considerably surprised to see Wemmick take up a fishing-rod, and put it over his shoulder. "Why, we are not going fishing!" said I. "No," returned Wemmick, "but I like to walk with one."

I thought this odd; however, I said nothing, and we set off. We went towards Camberwell Green, and when we were thereabouts, Wemmick said suddenly:

"Halloa! Here's a church!"

There was nothing very surprising in that; but again, I was rather surprised, when he said, as if he were animated by a brilliant idea:

"Let's go in!"

We went in, Wemmick leaving his fishing-rod in the porch, and looked all round. In the mean time, Wemmick was diving into his coat-pockets, and getting something out of paper there.

"Halloa!" said he. "Here's a couple of pair of gloves! Let's put 'em on!"

As the gloves were white kid gloves, and as the post-office was widened to its utmost extent, I now began to have my strong suspicions. They were strengthened into certainty when I beheld the Aged enter at a side door, escorting a lady.

"Halloa!" said Wemmick. "Here's Miss Skiffins! Let's have a wedding."

That discreet damsel was attired as usual, except that she was now engaged in substituting for her green kid gloves, a pair of white. The Aged was likewise occupied in preparing a similar sacrifice for the altar of Hymen. The old gentleman, however, experienced so much difficulty in getting his gloves on, that Wemmick found it necessary to put him with his back against a pillar, and then to get behind the pillar himself and pull away at them, while I for my part held the old gentleman round the waist, that he might present an equal and safe resistance. By dint of this ingenious scheme, his gloves were got on to perfection.

The clerk and clergyman then appearing, we were ranged in order at those fatal rails. True to his notion of seeming to do it all without preparation, I heard Wemmick say to himself as he took something out of his waistcoat-pocket before the service began, "Halloa! Here's a ring!"

I acted in the capacity of backer, or best-man, to the bridegroom; while a little limp pew opener in a soft bonnet like a baby's, made a feint of being the bosom friend of Miss Skiffins. The responsibility of giving the lady away, devolved upon the Aged, which led to the clergyman's being unintentionally scandalised, and it happened thus. When he said, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" the old gentleman, not in the least knowing what point of the ceremony we had arrived at, stood most amiably beaming at the ten commandments. Upon which, the clergyman said again, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" The old gentleman being still in a state of most estimable unconsciousness, the bridegroom cried out in his accustomed voice, "Now, Aged P., you know; who giveth?" To which the Aged replied with great briskness, before saying that he gave, "All right, John, all right, my boy!" And the clergyman came to so gloomy a pause upon it, that I had doubts for the moment whether we should get completely married that day.

It was completely done, however, and when we were going out of church, Wemmick took the cover off the font, and put his white gloves in it, and put the cover on again. Mrs. Wemmick, more heedful of the future, put her white gloves in her pocket and assumed her green. "Now, Mr. Pip," said Wemmick, triumphantly shouldering the fishing-rod as we came out, "let me ask you whether anybody would suppose this to be a wedding party!"

Breakfast had been ordered at a pleasant little tavern, a mile or so away upon the rising ground beyond the Green; and there was a bagatelle board in the room, in case we should desire to unbend our minds after the solemnity. It was pleasant to observe that Mrs. Wemmick no longer unwound Wemmick's arm when it adapted itself to her figure, but sat in a high-backed chair against the wall, like a violoncello in its case, and submitted to be embraced as that melodious instrument might have done.

We had an excellent breakfast, and when any one declined anything on table, Wemmick said, "Provided by contract, you know; don't be afraid of it!" I drank to the new couple, drank to the Aged, drank to the Castle, saluted the bride at parting, and made myself as agreeable as I could.

Wemmick came down to the door with me, and I again shook hands with him, and wished him joy.

"Thank'ee!" said Wemmick, rubbing his hands. "She's such a manager of fowls, you have no idea. You shall have some eggs, and judge for yourself. I say, Mr. Pip!" calling me back, and speaking low. "This is altogether a Walworth sentiment, please."

"I understand. Not to be mentioned in Little Britain," said I.

Wemmick nodded. "After what you let out the other day, Mr. Jaggers may as well not

know of it. He might think my brain was softening, or something of the kind."

#### CHAPTER LXI.

He lay in prison very ill, during the whole interval between his committal for trial, and the coming round of the Sessions. He had broken two ribs, they had wounded one of his lungs, and he breathed with great pain and difficulty, which increased daily. It was a consequence of his hurt, that he spoke so low as to be scarcely audible; therefore, he spoke very little. But, he was ever ready to listen to me, and it became the first duty of my life to say to him, and read to him, what I knew he ought to hear.

Being far too ill to remain in the common prison, he was removed, after the first day or so, into the Infirmary. This gave me opportunities of being with him that I could not otherwise have had. And but for his illness he would have been put in irons, for he was regarded as a determined prison-breaker, and I know not what else.

Although I saw him every day, it was for only a short time; hence, the regularly recurring spaces of our separation were long enough to record on his face any slight changes that occurred in his physical state. I do not recollect that I once saw any change in it for the better; he wasted, and became slowly weaker and worse, day by day, from the day when the prison door closed upon him.

The kind of submission or resignation that he showed, was that of a man who was tired out. I sometimes derived an impression, from his manner or from a whispered word or two which escaped him, that he pondered over the question whether he might have been a better man under better circumstances. But he never justified himself by a hint tending that way, or tried to bend the past out of its eternal shape.

It happened on two or three occasions in my presence, that his desperate reputation was alluded to by one or other of the people in attendance on him. A smile crossed his face then, and he turned his eyes on me with a trustful look, as if he were confident that I had seen some small redeeming touch in him, even so long ago as when I was a little child. As to all the rest, he was humble and contrite, and I never knew him complain.

When the Sessions came round, Mr. Jaggars caused an application to be made for the postponement of his trial until the following Sessions. It was obviously made with the assurance that he could not live so long, and was refused. The trial came on at once, and, when he was put to the bar, he was seated in a chair. No objection was made to my getting close to the dock, on the outside of it, and holding the hand that he stretched forth to me.

The trial was very short and very clear. Such things as could be said for him, were said—how he had taken to industrious habits, and had thriven lawfully and respectably. But, nothing could unsay the fact that he had returned, and was there in presence of the Judge and Jury. It

was impossible to try him for that, and do otherwise than find him Guilty.

At that time, it was the custom (as I learnt from my terrible experience of that Sessions) to devote a concluding day to the passing of Sentences, and to make a finishing effect with the Sentence of Death. But for the indelible picture that my remembrance now holds before me, I could scarcely believe, even as I write these words, that I saw two-and-thirty men and women put before the Judge to receive that sentence together. Foremost among the two-and-thirty, was he; seated, that he might get breath enough to keep life in him.

The whole scene starts out again in the vivid colours of the moment, down to the drops of April rain on the windows of the court, glittering in the rays of April sun. Penned in the dock, as I again stood outside it at the corner with his hand in mine, were the two-and-thirty men and women; some defiant, some stricken with terror, some sobbing and weeping, some covering their faces, some staring gloomily about. There had been shrieks from among the women convicts, but they had been stilled, and a hush had succeeded. The sheriffs with their great chains and nosebags, other civic gewgaws and monsters, criers, ushers, a great gallery full of people—a large theatrical audience—looked on, as the two-and-thirty and the Judge were solemnly confronted. Then, the Judge addressed them. Among the wretched creatures before him whom he must single out for special address, was one who almost from his infancy had been an offender against the laws; who, after repeated imprisonments and punishments, had been at length sentenced to exile for a term of years; and who, under circumstances of great violence and daring, had made his escape and been re-sentenced to exile for life. That miserable man would seem for a time to have become convinced of his errors, when far removed from the scenes of his old offences, and to have lived a peaceable and honest life. But, in a fatal moment, yielding to those propensities and passions, the indulgence of which had so long rendered him a scourge to society, he had quitted his haven of rest and repentance, and had come back to the country where he was proscribed. Being here presently denounced, he had for a time succeeded in evading the officers of Justice, but being at length seized while in the act of flight, he had resisted them, and had—he best knew whether by express design, or in the blindness of his hardihood—caused the death of his denouncer, to whom his whole career was known. The appointed punishment for his return to the land that had cast him out, being Death, and his case being this aggravated case, he must prepare himself to Die.

The sun was striking in at the great windows of the court, through the glittering drops of rain upon the glass, and it made a broad shaft of light between the two-and-thirty and the Judge, banding both together, and perhaps reminding some among the audience, how both were passing on, with absolute equality, to the greater Judgment



that knoweth all things and cannot err. Rising for a moment, a distinct speck of face in this way of light, the prisoner said, "My Lord, I have received my sentence of Death from the Almighty, but I bow to yours," and sat down again. There was some hushing, and the Judge went on with what he had to say to the rest. Then, they were all formally doomed, and some of them were supported out, and some of them sauntered out with a haggard look of bravery, and a few nodded to the gallery, and two or three shook hands, and others went out chewing the fragments of herb they had taken from the sweet herbs lying about. He went last of all, because of having to be helped from his chair and to go very slowly; and he held my hand while all the others were removed, and while the audience got up (putting their dresses right, as they might at church or elsewhere) and pointed down at this criminal or at that, and most of all at him and me.

I earnestly hoped and prayed that he might die before the Recorder's Report was made, but, in the dread of his lingering on, I began that night to write out a petition to the Home Secretary of State, setting forth my knowledge of him, and how it was that he had come back for my sake. I wrote it as fervently and pathetically as I could, and when I had finished it and sent it in, I wrote out other petitions to such men in authority as I hoped were the most merciful, and drew up one to the Crown itself. For several days and nights after he was sentenced, I took no rest except when I fell asleep in my chair, but was wholly absorbed in these appeals. And after I had sent them in, I could not keep away from the places where they were, but felt as if they were more hopeful and less desperate when I was near them. In this unreasonable restlessness and pain of mind, I would roam the streets of an evening, wandering by those offices and houses where I had left the petitions. To the present hour, the weary western streets of London on a cold dusty spring night, with their ranges of stern shut-up mansions and their long rows of lamps, are melancholy to me from this association.

The daily visits I could make him were shortened now, and he was more strictly kept. Seeing, or fancying, that I was suspected of an intention of carrying poison to him, I asked to be searched before I sat down at his bedside, and told the officer who was always there, that I was willing to do anything that would assure him of the singleness of my designs. Nobody was hard with him, or with me. There was duty to be done, and it was done, but not harshly. The officer always gave me the assurance that he was worse, and some other sick prisoners in the room, and some other prisoners who attended on them as sick nurses (malefactors, but not incapable of kindness, God be thanked!), always joined in the same report.

As the days went on, I noticed more and more that he would lie placidly looking at the white ceiling, with an absence of light in his face, until some word of mine brightened it for an instant,

and then it would subside again. Sometimes he was almost, or quite, unable to speak; then, he would answer me with slight pressures on my hand, and I grew to understand his meaning very well.

The number of the days had risen to ten, when I saw a greater change in him than I had seen yet. His eyes were turned towards the door, and lighted up as I entered.

"Dear boy," he said, as I sat down by his bed: "I thought you was late. But I knowed you couldn't be that."

"It is just the time," said I. "I waited for it at the gate."

"You always waits at the gate; don't you, dear boy?"

"Yes. Not to lose a moment of the time."

"Thank'ee dear boy, thank'ee. God bless you! You've never deserted me, dear boy."

I pressed his hand in silence, for I could not forget that I had once meant to desert him.

"And what's best of all," he said, "you've been more comfortable alonger me, since I was under a dark cloud, than when the sun shone. That's best of all."

He lay on his back, breathing with great difficulty. Do what he would, and love me though he did, the light left his face ever and again, and a film came over the placid look at the white ceiling.

"Are you in much pain to-day?"

"I don't complain of none, dear boy."

"You never do complain."

He had spoken his last words. He smiled, and I understood his touch to mean that he wished to lift my hand, and lay it on his breast. I laid it there, and he smiled again, and put both his hands upon it.

The allotted time ran out while we were thus; but, looking round, I found the governor of the prison standing near me, and he whispered, "You needn't go yet." I thanked him gratefully, and asked, "Might I speak to him, if he can hear me?"

The governor stepped aside, and beckoned the officer away. The change, though it was made without noise, drew back the film from the placid look at the white ceiling, and he looked most affectionately at me.

"Dear Magwitch, I must tell you, now at last. You understand what I say?"

A gentle pressure on my hand.

"You had a child once, whom you loved and lost."

A stronger pressure on my hand.

"She lived and found powerful friends. She is living now. She is a lady and very beautiful. And I love her!"

With a last faint effort, which would have been powerless but for my yielding to it and assisting it, he raised my hand to his lips. Then, he gently let it sink upon his breast again, with his own hands lying on it. The placid look at the white ceiling came back, and passed away, and his head dropped quietly on his breast.

Mindful, then, of what we had read together, I thought of the two men who went up into the

Temple to pray, and I knew there were no better words that I could say beside his bed, than "O Lord, be merciful to him, a sinner!"

## UNDERGROUND LONDON.

### CHAPTER I.

THERE are more ways than one of looking at sewers, especially at old London sewers. There is a highly romantic point of view from which they are regarded as accessible, pleasant, and convivial hiding-places for criminals flying from justice, but black and dangerous labyrinths for the innocent stranger. Even now, in these days of new police and information for the people, it would not be difficult to find many thousands who look upon them as secret caverns full of metropolitan banditti. When the shades of evening fall upon the City, mysterious whispered "Open sesame" are heard in imagination near the trap-door side-entrances, and many London Hassaracs or Abdallahs, in laced-boots and velvet jackets, seem to sink through the pavement into the arms of their faithful comrades. Romances, as full of startling incidents as an egg is full of meat, have been built upon this underground foundation, and dramas belonging to the class which are now known as "sensation" pieces, have been placed upon the stage to feed this appetite for the wonderful in connexion with sewers. I have some recollection of a drama of this kind that I saw some years ago at one of the East-end theatres, in which nearly all the action took place under huge dark arches, and in which virtue was represented in a good strong serviceable shape by an heroic sewer-cleanser. Much was made of floods and flooding, which the flusher, who played the villain of the piece, seemed to have completely under his control; and it was not considered at all singular by the audience, that a dozen men and women should be found walking high and dry under these mysterious arcades, as if in some place of public resort.

Imagination generally loves to run wild about underground London, or the sub-ways of any great city. Take away the catacombs of Paris—the closed, magnified, mysterious catacombs—and the keystone of a mass of French fiction falls to the ground. The dark arches of our own dear river-side Adelphi—familiarised, not to say vulgarised, as they have been by being turned into a thoroughfare to coal-wharves and half-penny steam-boats—are still looked upon as the favourite haunts of the wild tribes of London or City Arabs, whatever these may be.

A popular notion exists that those few sloping tunnels are a vast free lodging-house for hundreds of night wanderers; and that to those who have the watchword, they form a passage leading to some riotous hidden haunt of vice. This belief prevails very largely amongst very quiet, respectable people; the class who live in the suburbs, and feed upon "serious" literature, and shudder when the metropolis, the modern Nineveh, is mentioned in conversation, and who, by no chance, ever heard the chimes at

midnight, or were caught wandering about the streets after nine P.M.

This passion, however, is not entirely confined to people who are totally ignorant of the existing out-door world. Hundreds of traditions are cherished about secret passages said to have extended from St. Saviour's, Southwark, under the river Thames, or from Old Canonbury House to the Priory at Smithfield. The people who cherish these traditions are not easily deceived by any fancy stories about life in London as it is now; they are too knowing for that; but they like to have their little dream of wonder about life in the middle ages. In vain does Mr. Roach Smith write, or do Archæological Societies lecture, upon these fragments of old masonry, laid bare during the building of city warehouses or suburban settlements. The poor old monks are not to be saved so easily from a few damaging theories regarding their presumed habits; and the vestiges of ancient conduit heads, or covered ways to protect water-pipes,\* are always thought to be the remains of murder-caverns, or cells for the unhappy victims of religious hatred. A piece of ordinary rust, or of moist red brick, is soon pictured as the trace of blood; and those who do not take this sanguinary view of these unearthened sub-ways, are always ready to regard them as cellars full of buried gold.

Next to the romantic way of regarding sewers, there is the scientific or half scientific way, which is not always wanting in the imaginative element. I remember attending an exhibition, about four years ago, at the Society of Arts, which, although it consisted only of engineering plans for the improvement of London sub-ways, was amusing for the unpractical character of the schemes proposed.

A number of designs were submitted to the Metropolitan Board of Works for the total sub-surface re-construction of the metropolitan streets, and these designs—about forty in number—were referred to a committee of eminent engineers, whose task it was to give away certain money prizes. Nearly all the designs, as far as I recollect, exhibited the same features: a centre tunnel under the roadway, accessible by traps from the street, and containing the different pipes for gas, water, telegraphic wires, and sewage. The plan that got a prize of one hundred guineas, proposed to have arched brick vaults extending from the houses on each side of the tunnel, giving a solidity to the roadway, and increasing to a great extent the cellar accommodation of houses and warehouses. Another plan, which got a prize of fifty guineas, had no central tunnel under the roadway, but provided for the same purposes two side tunnels running parallel to each other, and connected with the houses on either side. The difference in the estimate of cost of the

\* The water-pipes used in old times were not always embedded in the earth as they are now, but enclosed within a capacious arch of brickwork, into which workmen could descend to repair any decay or accident.—Ellis's History of Shoreditch.

two plans was very great; the central tunnel scheme requiring something like thirty-six pounds the lineal yard to carry it out; and the side tunnel scheme being estimated to cost only fifteen pounds for each lineal yard. As the latter plan had two tunnels to construct in place of one, the great difference in cost must have arisen, if the calculations were correct, in the great area which the central tunnel projector proposed to build over with vaults. Many of the schemes exhibited were enlivened with pictures of the father of a family going down under the roadway in front of his house to see that the gas and water pipes were in proper order, and that no one had run away with the main sewer. A little more fancy on the part of the draughtsmen might have represented whole parties of visitors inspecting the underground labyrinth, as they would a conservatory at an evening party. Both the prize plans were regarded as very ornamental and excellent as pictures, but too expensive for practical application. The short central tunnel in King-street, Covent-garden—a pure experiment on the part of the Board of Works, undertaken, perhaps, to silence theorists—may appear to have been copied from the first plan; but, copied or not, it will probably be the only piece of fancy sub-way that London will see during the present century. The huddling together of gas and water pipes and telegraphic wires on each side of the New Road, to make room for the Metropolitan Railway, is some approximation to the second plan, though very hurriedly and rudely carried out.

If we feel disposed to examine the scientific-theoretical way of looking at sewers, there is no lack of material, and we may be at once surrounded by almost as many "doctors" as we should find at a meeting held to denounce the Bank Charter. It is a peculiarity of theorists upon sewers and drainage that they nearly all pull in different directions. Their name is legion, but we should find it difficult to gather half a dozen of them together who would agree upon any consistent scheme of drainage. The two great plans that have occupied public attention for many years have been the purification of the Thames and the utilisation of London sewage. It is easy to talk about a noble river being made the flowing cesspool of some three hundred and sixty-three thousand inhabited houses (according to the census of 1861) and of some two million eight hundred thousand inhabitants. It is easy to talk largely of fourteen millions of cubic feet, or ninety millions of gallons of sewage washed away every day through costly sub-ways by two hundred millions of gallons of rainfall, when it contains a daily fertilising value of three hundred and sixty pounds sterling, or a sum that would reach more than a million sterling by the end of a year. It is this muddy stream, trickling from innumerable house-tops, rushing down thousands of gullies, oozing through beds of gravel, draining off marshy meadows and ploughed land, or flowing from thousands of dwellings, that helps to wash out the hundreds of downward sewers and their

miles of tributary channels. This process of washing scatters and dilutes the valuable elements of fertility, until they are said to be lost beyond all hope of recovery. Men of science, capitalists, and social reformers, have consumed many years and much money in trying to restore this lost mass of valuable sewage to the hungry land; but nothing practical and remunerative, in a commercial sense, has ever been put before the public in this connexion. We have been taunted with the superior wisdom of the despised Chinese, who have no elaborate underground sewage system, and who, instead of carrying away their floods of sewage wealth into the sea, by tunnels built at the cost of millions of money, gather it every morning by public servants with more regularity than our dust is called for by the contractors, and take it away to nourish agriculture. Our reply to this taunt is, that people (adopting the vulgar superstition) who are as numerous as ants, and who have to live in boats because the land is too crowded to hold them with any comfort, must be often at their wits' end to procure food, and are, therefore, no models for a well-to-do civilised nation.

The two chief plans put forward about thirteen or fourteen years ago to secure the sewage refuse as manure were both carried so far as to form two public companies, with acts of parliament. The plan of one company was to collect the contents of some of the Westminster and Pimlico sewers, and convey them by a deep underground channel to Hammersmith, where a steam-engine and other machinery were to distribute the manure in a liquid state to the market-gardens of that neighbourhood. The plan of the other company was to collect the contents of three main sewers falling into the Thames between Vauxhall-bridge and Westminster-bridge, and, after allowing the liquid part to flow into the Thames, to deprive the refuse of its offensive smell, and sell it as manure in a solid state. Both these projects fell through from their presumed commercial impracticability; but numberless plans and suggestions have, at different times, been brought before government commissions, the old Commissioners of Sewers, the present Metropolitan Board of Works, and the City Commissioners of Sewers. Even no further back than 1857, when the great intercepting scheme of the Metropolitan Board of Works, which is now in rapid progress towards completion, was under discussion, about one hundred and forty different plans were sent in by well-meaning amateurs, competent engineers, and persons interested in the great sewage question. Some of these proposals naturally bore the well-known trade mark of Laputa, while others were almost practical in all their details—not quite. Without any wish to speak disrespectfully of sewage, I have a secret sympathy with old Sir Thomas Browne's feeling, and regard this daily mass as a melancholy adjunct of our fallen state. Sewage, whether fluid or solid, mixed or unmixed, is very much like our convicts; everybody wants to get rid of it, and



no one consents to have it. The hundred and forty gentlemen who kindly came forward uninvited to suggest a method of purifying the metropolis, were compelled, in the main, to suggest that some selected spots should receive what London wished to reject. These spots were not Stratford-on-Avon, Windsor Park, the Crystal Palace, the South Kensington Museum, or Belgrave-square, for very obvious reasons, but inferior settlements, inhabited by inferior people, in the inferior outskirts. Most of these unfortunate places showed no sign of indignation, because they were ignorant of the dark propositions for their defilement lurking in blue-books, or hinted at amongst the technicalities of a government engineering report. One favourite proposition was to defile the sea, near the coast, and poison the great salt-water baths to which London resorts every summer for health and pleasure. Fortunately for the bathers, the sea opposed these propositions in a quiet chemical way. The action of marine salts upon sewage—not to speak too scientifically—is so offensive, that fresh water must always be the first diluting agent employed before the whole mass is pumped into the sea.

Amongst the different schemes lately placed at the service of the country for intercepting and removing the London sewage, many proposed to divide the metropolis into sewage districts, and deal with the offensive material on true local self-government principles. One gentleman proposed to furnish each house with three iron-tanks, hermetically sealed, in which the house sewage was to be collected each week, and then carried by drays to some railway, and then by excursion trains thirty miles into the country. Another gentleman proposed similar tanks supplied with charcoal and ashes as deodorising boxes; another proposed the Chinese plan of preserving the sewage for certain companies, under penalties, which companies were to manufacture manure by boiling the sewage with clay or sawdust. Other projectors proposed to favour the mouth of the Kensington Canal, the bank of the river Lea, the Deptford Creek at Greenwich, and Battersea Creek, with four great divisional depôts, where the whole of the London sewage was to be deodorised. Another gentleman proposed to bring half the southern sewage across the river at the Thames Tunnel, and the other half across the river in iron pipes, at some higher spot not specified: the material, when delivered, to be filtered, deodorised, and utilised. The peculiarity of this scheme was the bold proposal to defile the Thames Tunnel, and wake up this wonder of joint-stock credulity from its long sleep of idleness. Another projector proposed to favour Erith, Rainham, Wandsworth, and Putney, with four great sewage receiving depôts; or else to carry the whole mass to Newhaven, in Sussex, and throw it into the sea. Another gentleman suggested that the sewage should be collected from the houses and streets into large portable cisterns floating in the river, and that, at stated times, steam-tugs should call at each station

and tow this unsightly fleet far out to sea to get rid of its contents. Several other gentlemen proposed to moor vessels at the mouths of each of the existing sewers which run into the river—one hundred and eighty-five in number—and to connect the vessels with the sewers by means of iron or flexible pipes. The water of the sewage was to pass off by filtration, and the more valuable matter was to be left in the vessels. When laden, these barks were to hawk their contents about at any ports where manure was likely to be in demand. No provision seems to have been made for back cargoes.

One gentleman wished to take the sewage away in iron vessels, and drop it quietly, when no one was looking, into the sea; while another gentleman, evidently thinking that criminals ought to suffer a little sewage infliction for their offences, proposed to form great deodorising caverns from Blackfriars-bridge to the House of Correction. Another projector proposed to deal with the mass as if it were gas or water, and to lay it on to the country in main and branch pipes. Several projectors hit upon this plan, and two proposed to carry it out by pumping the sewage up to a sufficient height to allow it to gravitate along pipes radiating in different directions into the country. Another projector suggested that the railways should be favoured with four great out of town main sewers running parallel with their lines of roadway. Another gentleman boldly proposed to cut the Thames in half, by diverting the stream from the river at Teddington to afford a pure water-supply for London. The sewers were to be scoured by this diverted stream, and the sewage was to be removed by means of a tunnel, and emptied into the sea at Rochford, in Essex. The southern sewage was to be conveyed across the river to the north side at the Thames Tunnel; and the main feature of this scheme was to provide a river channel, up which the salt water should flow unadulterated to London. Another projector proposed to divide the Thames into tidal Thames and stream Thames, and to stop the sewage, by deodorising works, from flowing into the river. Certain other projectors proposed to take one-half of the Thames Tunnel as a sewer for conveying the northern sewage to join the southern sewage. When combined, they suggested, like many others, that the whole mass should be taken to some point of the south coast and poured into the sea. One projector suggested that all communication between the sewers and the river should at once be cut off, and the sewage preserved for manure; and a lady—the one female projector amongst the number—proposed to have sewers radiating from all parts of London, from which the sewage could be poured in fertilising streams all over the country on each side of the Thames. Her final reservoir was still the unoffending sea; and she proposed to construct small reservoirs, at convenient distances, along the sewers, which were to be opened as shops, where the farmers could call and purchase cheap liquid manure.



Another projector, more fanciful than any of his competitors, proposed to carry the sewage through the air by vast atmospheric tubes on both sides of the river, beginning somewhere about Putney, and terminating, as usual, in a great deodorising reservoir on the sea-coast. Another projector proposed to construct two great sewers under the river Thames—a favourite but costly plan;—and another gentleman thought he could deodorise sewage and ventilate the sewers, by passing all the smoke of London into them. Another projector suggested that sewage should be first deodorised and then totally consumed by burning, and asked for government aid to commence experiments on the power of fire to consume solid sewage. He suggested that Erith should be the locality favoured with these terrific experiments. Another projector proposed that the Thames should be purified by throwing into it about two thousand tons of chloride of sodium per week, which would cost about thirty-nine thousand pounds sterling per annum; another gentleman proposed to boil the sewage slightly, by way of deodorisation, before it reached the sewers; another projector suggested that the ordinary course of things should be reversed, and that instead of the Thames being flushed by the sewers, the sewers should be so altered that they should be flushed by the river.

Most of these plans, with a hundred others, are based upon an idea that the Thames would be converted into a crystal stream, if the sewage now flowing into it from nearly two hundred downward main sewers could only be diverted. The plan which Mr. Bazalgette is now carrying out, as the engineer of the Metropolitan Board of Works, is certainly framed to divert this sewage by a system of intercepting and outfall sewers; but Mr. Bazalgette, Mr. Haywood, the eminent engineer of the City Commissioners of Sewers, and even their government opponents, never looked forward to such a purification of our noble river. There was a time, within the memory of our fathers, and not more remote than forty years ago, when dozens of fishing punts were moored between the London bridges, and the fishermen, mostly amateurs, had no reason to be discontented with their hauls. In those days, if business were slack at the office, the warehouse, or the shop, or if the morning postman brought no letters that took more than an hour to answer, the old gentlemen used to take their hats, wink at their clerks as they passed out under the shallow pretence of keeping appointments, and slink down the winding alleys towards the river. At one of those little, brown shops, a few of which are still left as vestiges of a decayed trade, where a tapering rod hung out like a barber's pole, and a glistening stuffed fish over the low doorway spun round like a doll at a marine-store with every breeze of wind, they called for the tackle which they had not the courage to carry through Cheapside or Cornhill, and were soon pushed off by sympathising watermen into the middle of the stream. Those were the days of Gravesend hoys; of a

belief in long distances; of five-shilling rowing fares to Chelsea; but with all this peace and quietness, it is doubtful if the river were without stain and without reproach. It had nothing to do then, with the refuse of the one million of people on its banks; for the cesspool system was strictly applied to houses, and the sewers conveyed nothing but rain and waste water. For all this, however, competent authorities decline to believe in its crystal clearness, and Messrs. Bidder, Hawksley, and Bazalgette, have said as much in their great report of 1858, on Metropolitan Main Drainage. "Within the metropolis," they say, "the Thames never could have been a 'silvery' stream. There can, indeed, be no doubt that if every particle of sewage were removed from the river, the Thames, as it now exists, with its rapid tide and its enormous traffic, must still remain a muddy water, differing but little in appearance from its present condition. The referees\* themselves admit that they do not anticipate that the Thames will present the appearance of a clear stream until the projecting headlands at the termination of every Reach shall have been protected from being washed away bit by bit.

"Several causes have contributed to the present condition of the river and its banks. The removal of Old London-bridge has greatly augmented the tidal scour; the improved drainage of the land has brought down the upland waters with increased expedition after rainfall; thereby diminishing the quantity of water in the river in hot weather, and adding to the quantity of earthy matter conveyed by the floods. The agitation of the water by the action of steam-boats, and the augmented velocity of the current induced by the removal of obstacles to the tidal flow. These operate to retain the mud in a state of suspension.

"The scour, the floods, and the agitation, are the most influential contributors to the existing appearance of the river, and these will remain in operation, and continue to produce like effects, after the sewage shall have been withdrawn. We may therefore at once state, that the production of a clear or sensibly purified stream in or near the metropolis, will prove a hopeless task, unless some powerful ruler shall in a future age determine to improve the appearance of the river at the expense of its commerce, by damming back the tide at Greenwich or Woolwich. Were there no population whatever existing on the Thames, the banks of the river, from its mouth to above the western limits of the metropolitan area, would, in the present condition of things, be covered with mud deposits, in consequence of tidal action alone, and the water would remain almost as turbid as it is now." This is rather a rude blow given to a thousand of those splendid dreams which are fed even by such muddy food as London sewage. Turning our backs, to a great extent, upon sewer

\* Messrs. Galton, Simpson, and Blackwell, Government Referees on the Metropolitan Main Drainage Scheme. 1857.

theorists and their theories, it may be well to make something like a stock-taking survey of underground London. Much capital has been sunk, year after year; much more will have to be sunk; and many ratepayers may like to hear in a gossiping way what they have got for their money. The task of collecting this information and setting it forth is not quite so agreeable as a tour in Iceland; but some harmless drudges must do this parochial work, as some men must black boots, empty dustholes, and sweep crossings. It is good sometimes to put the great epic, the great picture, or the great statue, aside, and to walk round the parish pump with a desire to know something about it.

This subject, therefore, shall be resumed next week.

#### GRIMGRIBBER POSITION-DRILL.

IN the spring, according to Mr. Tennyson, the wanton lapwing gets himself another nest, a brighter iris changes on the burnished dove, and a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. These are unanswerable facts; but here is another vernal incident, which, probably because Locksley Hall was written before the institution of the volunteer movement, has been unnoticed by the poet. In the spring the gentlemen attached to the various rifle corps, whose ardour has been chilled by the dreary winter, and whose time has been consumed in festivity, suddenly recall the fact that the eyes of their country are earnestly fixed on them for its defence. I am proud to say that we of the Grimgribbers were, theoretically, early in the field. No one who knows Captain de Tite Strongbow will imagine that he would have allowed us to be laggards. This indefatigable young man has never relaxed in his exertions. After the presentation of our bugle, recorded in a previous number of this journal,\* the ardour of the members thawed, and the general voice resolved itself into a-dieu; that is to say, half the men went to the Continent, and the other half to the seaside. Before we broke up, Captain Strongbow called a battalion drill, when the prevalent disorder showed itself in an eruption of moustaches of a week's growth, and in the bulging of Continental Bradshaws from uniform pockets. Strongbow noticed this, and, as I may express it in the language of the Wardour-street Elizabethan drama, "advanced himself of the occasion." He put us through some of the most difficult and most perspiration-causing movements in the Field Exercise book, and then, having formed us into a square, and faced us inward, he solemnly addressed us. He said that he grieved to find a general disposition for a holiday, a disposition by no means in accordance with that solemn pledge which we had given when we voluntarily placed our services at her Majesty's disposal. He mildly hinted that any one declining to attend parade or drill when summoned, was guilty of perjury in its grossest form; and he

asked us where we expected to go to? Through the dead silence which followed this appeal, the voice of the ill-conditioned private J. Miller was heard, suggesting "Margate;" but the ribaldry had effect on none but a few hardened scoffers. However, it was useless attempting to stop the threatened exodus; and, after suggesting that those who visited the Continent should keep a sharp eye upon the foreign troops "with whom they might be called upon to cross bayonets" (an idea which made a profound impression on private Pruffe); and that they should take measures for becoming generally acquainted with the defensive works of such foreign fortresses as they might happen to come across; and after recommending the stay-at-homes to attach themselves to the garrison of the seaport town where they might be staying, and pass an easy month of relaxation in attending three drills a day and perusing the Field Exercise book in the evening; Captain Strongbow dismissed us with a benediction.

I do not believe that any one, save Strongbow himself (who went first to Hythe and then to Shorncliffe, and passed the remainder of the autumn in endeavouring to improve the Armstrong gun), paid the smallest attention to the recommendation. Pruffe was seen with a wide-awake hat and a telescope, on Southend pier. Lobjoit broke three colts and his own leg among the Yorkshire spinneys. Skull went to Worthing, and fell into a chronic state of sleep and seaweed. Private Miller, though he certainly visited Aldershot, only went for one night to assist at the military theatre in an amateur performance. We all went away, and did cathedrals, and mountain passes, and ruined abbeys, and lay on beaches, and swam, and mooned, and enjoyed ourselves, and by the time we returned to Grimgribber, we had nearly forgotten the existence of our noble corps.

The Quakers were in ecstasies; they knew it; had they not prophesied it? "Friend, did I not tell thee?" &c. &c. All of which so roused the ire of De Tite Strongbow, that one day early in October, every dead wall, tree, and post in Grimgribber blossomed with a blue and red announcement of a "Parade on the Common on Saturday next."

The day came and the hour, but not the men; that is to say, there was not a very great muster. Parties of two and three came straggling up the lane, evidently intending merely to look on; but they were spied by the videttes posted by Strongbow at available situations, and immediately hailed by that energetic officer in stentorian tones and appealing phrases, all of which commenced, "Hallo! you sirs!" The persons addressed, recognising the voice, generally feigned total deafness, looked round in a vacant manner, and commenced a retreat; but Strongbow was by their side before they had gone three paces, and by coaxing, wheedling, and bullying, induced most of them to proceed to the Common, so that at last two-thirds of our total number were present.

That day will be for ever remembered by the

\* All the Year Round, vol. iii. p. 499.

Grimgribber Volunteers; on it, they were initiated into the mysteries of rifle-shooting; on it, they laid the foundation of that system of skill which will, I doubt not, enable them to carry off the Queen's prize and a few other trifles at the forthcoming Wimbledon meeting; on it, they commenced the practice of a series of fearful gymnastics, compared with which the crank is a light and easy amusement, and the stone excavating at Portland a pleasant pastime.

We had executed our "company-drill" in a singularly fanciful manner, remarkable chiefly for its divergence from prescribed rule. Long absence from parade had rendered us rusty and entirely oblivious of the meaning of the various commands. Thus, at the word "fours," the rear rank, instead of stepping smartly back, remained perfectly stationary, while a pleasant smile overspread the faces of most of its members at what they considered the extraordinary conduct of the two or three knowing ones who moved. In wheeling, the difference of opinion between the men was even more plainly exemplified; for, while some clung close to the pivot man, others ambled away into the far distance, while the centre portion distributed their favours equally between the two, rushing sometimes to the one end, sometimes to the other, so that, instead of coming up "like a wall" as had so often been urged upon us, we serpentine about in a very graceful festoon, and resembled nothing so much as the letter S. From my ensign's position in the rear, I had watched Captain Strongbow's face during the performance of these manoeuvres, and had every moment expected to see it overcloud, but, to my astonishment, he remained perfectly calm, and, at the conclusion of the drill, he called us together, told us we should soon "pick up our movements," but that he had something of far greater importance in store for us. He here stated that it was most important that we should perfect ourselves in the practical portion of shooting; that he had already prepared four sergeants who would undertake to instruct various sections of the corps; and that on that evening the first meeting for position-drill would take place at his (Strongbow's) rooms. He hoped he should have a good attendance, and concluded by telling us to bring our rifles, and not to eat too much dinner. What could that last caution mean? Alas, in a very few hours we knew its value!

#### OUR INSTRUCTION IN POSITION-DRILL.

SCENE—A barn attached to Captain Strongbow's house. Rather a bleak and cheerless place, with targets painted in black-and-white on the walls. A flaring lamp on a bracket, lights only the end portion of the place. Some ten members of the corps, sergeants and privates, are lounging about, waiting to begin business. Captain Strongbow by himself, aiming at a painted target with marvellous precision. Enter Private Miller, smoking a short clay pipe; he stares round at the painted targets on the walls, and then shouts in a hoarse voice, "Here, y'ar! Now's your time!

Three shots for sixpence! Try your fortune at the Little Vunder, gents! Pint o' nuts for him as hits the bull's eye!"

Capt. Strongbow (aghast). For Heaven's sake, stop this most discreditable noise, Mr. Miller!

Miller (in broken and melodramatic tones). Pardon me, noble captain, but the sight of these targets reminded me of the Greenwich fairs of early youth!

Strongbow. Pray silence, Mr. Miller! It is impossible to get on if you indulge in buffoonery. Now, gentlemen. Fall in! (Sergeants and privates range themselves in line.) I am about to put you through position-drill; a course of instruction which habituates for the correct position for firing, and teaches you the natural connexion between the HAND and the EYE. What are you smiling at, Mr. Skull?

Skull. Nothing, nothing; only Miller—

Strongbow. Miller; what?

Skull. Miller said that Mr. Mace in the last prize fight, taught Mr. Hurst the natural connexion between the hand and the eye!

Strongbow. This is most disheartening! Now! There are three practices. The first word of command in the first practice is, "As a rear rank, standing, at three hundred yards, Ready." On the word ready, make a half-face to the right, feet at right angles, grasp the rifle firmly with the left-hand, fingers of right-hand behind the trigger-guard, body erect, left side perpendicular, left breast over left foot, shoulders—

Private Pruffe. Stop, sir, pray stop (confusedly). I can't recollect half that! I've a short memory! What did you say after making a face?

(Captain Strongbow repeats the instructions. All listen attentively, especially Private Miller, who places his hand behind his ear, bends forward, and assumes the attitude of the stage savage expecting the "pale-face.")

Strongbow. Now, as a rear-rank standing at three hundred yards, ready! (all move except Skull). Did you hear me, Mr. Skull? Ready!

Miller. Don't you hear, Skull? Ready! Present! Fire! (kicks Mr. Skull just above the calf of his leg, and nearly brings him to the ground).

Strongbow. Try that again! (motion repeated several times). Now, at the word "Present," without moving the body, head, eye, or hand, in the slightest degree, throw the rifle smartly to the point of the right shoulder, at full extent of the left arm—

Lobjoit (a coarse person). Gammon!

Strongbow. What, sir?

Lobjoit. Stuff, sir! Can't sling a rifle about without moving your hands! Don't believe in that!

Strongbow. Pray don't interrupt; it's all correct; done at Hythe; perfectly possible. Now—P sent!

(Five men throw out their rifles bravely to the front, three bring up theirs slowly and sneakingly, two boldly support their elbows on their knees, and

*look as if they were performing a rather meritorious action than otherwise.)*

The position-drill proceeded, but it was very hard work. "We speedily noticed that when Strongbow had any instruction to give, he invariably chose the time when we were at the "Present," i.e. when the strain upon our muscles in holding out the rifle was tremendous. After two seconds you would perceive the muzzle of the extended rifle begin to quiver in a very singular manner, then the body of the gentleman holding it would begin to rock about from the knees upwards, and finally, when he received the grateful command to "ease springs," he would give vent to an exclamation something between the ejaculation of a paviour, and the "characteristic 'hugh'" of Mr. Fenimore Cooper's Indians, and add, "Gad, I'm nearly done up!"

The art of comporting oneself as a "rear-rank standing," having been acquired, we were initiated into the mysteries expected from a "front-rank kneeling;" and these gymnastics proved even yet more serious and invincible. For a gentleman of large frame, and accustomed to a well-stuffed easy-chair, to have to sit for five minutes on *his right heel*, and that alone, is by no means an easy matter; but the difficulty is considerably aggravated, when he has to perform, while in this attitude, feats of manly strength in connexion with throwing out a rifle to the full extent of his left arm. He has then to take aim at the target on the wall; and about this time, and just when he begins to puff dreadfully, he will hear a stentorian shout from the instructor, "What are you doing, sir? restrain your breathing! restrain your breathing, for Heaven's sake!" The unhappy man endeavours to do this, and to follow all the other directions given him in the slowest time—thus: "P'sent! to—oo—ooo! thre—ee—eee! fo—o—war! f—ive!" until at the end, when he is called upon to spring smartly up to "Attention!" what with breath-holding and extra exertion, he resembles a boiled lobster in colour, and is shaking in every limb.

The judging-distance-drill is an equally humorous but considerably less fatiguing evolution. Its object is to enable the soldier to note the difference in the appearance of men at different distances: a happy result, which is apparently accomplished by sending several of the persons to be observed completely out of the range of any but the sharpest sight. Points are thrown out at certain allowed distances up to three hundred yards, and the men under instruction are told the distance, and made to observe the appearance of the "points." Then the "points" are sent out at unknown distances, and the men have to give their opinion of the distance at which these points are placed, the answers being noted in a register. We had some little difficulty at first in preventing the "points" from running away altogether, or slipping into the public-house when the instructor's back was turned. The guesses of some of the men were perfectly miraculous in their inaccuracy, and it was

observed that whenever private Miller whispered his ideas on distance to the sergeant, that functionary would be convulsed, and rendered so oblivious of decorum as to attempt to write without any ink, and to make futile scratches on his register. It was afterwards discovered that the ill-conditioned Miller, instead of giving his ideas of distance, was whispering the latest riddle in the ears of the instructor. Even he, however, owned to the value of the judging-distance practice, declaring that after a few lessons he should be able to recognise, and consequently to avoid, his tailor, if he saw him at the other end of Pall-Mall.

So we progressed through our difficulties, until we numbered some excellent shots among us. We are to be inspected by Colonel M'Murdo very shortly, to take part in the Wimbledon rifle contest and in the grand review, where we shall have plenty of opportunities of distinguishing ourselves. I shall not fail to chronicle our movements.

#### SECRET INSTRUCTIONS OF THE JESUITS.

WHEN the gate of a city is kept so closely locked that a dog or a cat cannot thrust its nose outside without being asked by the warder whether it be of the number of good men and true; and when we then behold a cartload of gunpowder openly marched through that gate by the light of day without the warder's saying a word; we naturally conclude that the possessor of the key gave full consent to the explosive exportation.

That closed city gate in some respects represents the state of the Parisian press. Neither the Duke d'Aumale nor the Duke de Broglie—not to mention many much more harmless gentlemen—is permitted to peep, in literary form, beyond the grating of the porteuillis. Even with printed sheets which do manage to get abroad, there is a time to let pass free, and a time to stop. Edmond About's pungent remarks on the state of things at Rome, first appeared in the official journal of the government. The Pope soon stretched out a long arm, and motioned the door of the *Moniteur* to shut. It *was* shut, as the maid shut the door to keep out her sweetheart; "then she went to bed, and tied up her head, and fastened the door with a skewer." For About's letters soon took the form of a book, which was published in Belgium, and which crossed the French frontier, to be seized after a while. But the seizing phase has passed away, for *it*; the volume is now on sale, revised, neatly printed, at a popular price.

Therefore, the looker-on concludes there is a time to seize, and a time to let go unseized. Whatever may be the case to-day or to-morrow, yesterday was not the time to seize the *Monita Secreta Societatis Jesu*; for a copy dressed in red and black (the garb of a melodramatic demon), with the Latin original and a French translation on opposite pages, is now lying on the writer's table. Nor would seizure be of much use (ex-



cept for form's sake) at present; because the first three editions were sold in ten days, and the fourth is already out.

If the deed has been done with Imperial connivance, it can hardly have obtained Jesuitical permission. On the contrary, there is a loud ultramontane shout denying the authenticity of the document; but to dissipate all doubts on the subject, it suffices to turn to history, and compare the conduct of the Society of Jesus with the secret instructions now divulged to the world. This is not the first time they have been brought to light; but every time the Society has contrived to secure the copies, and put them out of sight, as soon as the first excitement of publicity had passed away. The Superiors of the Jesuits are ordered to retain and to hold these private instructions, with great care, in their own hands, and to communicate them only to a few of the professed; some of the instructions may be imparted to non-professed persons, when advantage to the Society is likely to follow: but it must be done under the seal of secrecy, and not as if they were written rules, but merely suggestions drawn from the actual experience of the person who gives the advice. Since many of the professed are acquainted with these secrets, the Society has, from its commencement, laid down the rule that those once initiated can enter no other religious order, except that of the Carthusians, on account of the retirement in which they live, and the inviolable silence they maintain.

Special care is ordered to be taken that these admonitions fall not into the hands of strangers, who might put upon them an unfavourable construction, through envy of the Order. Should such ever happen (*quod absit!*—far be it from us!), it must be stoutly denied that these are the real sentiments of the Society, confirming the assertion by calling to witness such members as remain still in ignorance, and by opposing to these the general instructions and the printed or the written rules.

The Superiors are required constantly to watch, with prudence and solicitude, to find out whether any members have betrayed these instructions to any stranger. No one may copy them for himself, nor allow them to be copied for another, except with the consent of the General or the Provincial; and, if the Society doubts the fidelity of any of its members in this matter, let the suspected member be first assured that no such doubts exist, and then let him be dismissed. Such is the mode of action.

The Society may compress and try to keep things close, but all elements do not submit to compression with equal facility. Some, like air, you can squeeze into next to nothing; others, like water, you can scarcely squeeze at all: if pressed too hard, they will contrive to ooze out, even through the pores of solid metal. Thus, between two opposing pressures—the ministerial and the clerical—the *Monita Secreta* have forced their way through the bolts and

bars by which Gallic typography in general is secured. It is for us to profit by the occasion, and edify our friends with the arcana so promulgated.

Truly or falsely, the Jesuits have got a name for ability, power, unscrupulousness, and indestructibility. Crush them here, they shoot out again there. Break them up, each dispersed fragment heals and forms to itself a new head and new members. Pound them to pieces and bury them in the south, they crop out unhurt in the north. Suppressed throughout orthodox Catholic Europe, they secure a retreat in schismatic Russia. Often are they hated and feared; never are they despised or sneered at. They are high-flying hawks, who strike only at the noblest game. The place of confessor is, with all Catholic princes, a sort of ministerial office more or less powerful, according to the age, the passions, the temper, and the intelligence of the penitent.

Père Lachaise held this post for a long period, and obtained for his Society great consideration. Supple, polite, adroit, with a cultivated mind, gentle manners, and an even temper, he knew how to alarm or to soothe his penitents' conscience according to occasion, and never lost sight of his own interests nor of those of his Company. A masked opponent of all opposite parties, he spoke of them with moderation, and even praised some few individuals belonging to them. A few days before his death, he said to the king, "Sire, I entreat you to do me the favour to choose my successor out of our Company. It is extremely attached to your majesty; but it is very wide-spread, very numerous, and composed of very different characters, who are all very susceptible touching the glory of the corporation. No one could answer for it if it fell into disgrace; and a fatal blow is soon struck." The king was so surprised at this address, that he mentioned it to Maréchal, his head surgeon, who spoke of it to other intimate friends. A fatal blow is easily struck, in more than one way. Pope Clement XIV. issued, in 1774, a bull abolishing the Society of Jesuits, and was poisoned very shortly afterwards. The King of Sardinia, Victor Amadeus, told one of the ministers of France that his Jesuit confessor, being on his death-bed, begged the king to visit him. The dying man said, "Sire, I am overwhelmed with your kindnesses, I wish to testify my gratitude. Never take a Jesuit for your confessor; ask me no questions, for I could not answer them."

A propos to which we will dip into the second chapter of the instructions: "How the Fathers of the Society are to acquire and keep the intimacy of princes, great men, and persons of the highest consideration."

Above all things, every effort must be made to gain the ear and the mind of princes and persons of the first quality everywhere, in order that no one may dare to rise up against us, but, on the contrary, may be compelled to depend upon us. But, as experience teaches that princes and great men are particularly well affected towards

ecclesiastics, who conceal their odious acts and put a favourable interpretation upon them—such as their marriages within the prohibited degrees of kindred and the like—they are to be spurred on in such and similar conduct, under the hope of obtaining through our agency such dispensations from the Pope, which his holiness will grant, reasons being given, and precedents quoted, and arguments adduced, having for their pretext the common good and the greater glory of God, which is the object of the Society.

In order to obtain the mastery of the minds of princes, it will be of service that our people (*nostri*) offer themselves adroitly, and by the agency of third persons to execute honourable and favourable embassies to other princes and kings, and especially to the Pope and the highest monarchs; for on these occasions they will be able to recommend themselves and the Society. The favourites of princes and their confidential servants are especially to be gained over by small presents and various marks of affection, in order that, in the end, they may faithfully acquaint our people with the humours and inclinations of princes and great men, which will enable the Society to accommodate itself the more easily to their caprices. Experience has taught what advantages the Society has gained by intermeddling with royal marriages, in the house of Austria, and in the kingdoms of France, Poland, and in other continental countries. Wherefore, it will be prudent to propose well-chosen matches, who are friendly or familiar with the relations or friends of our people.

The wives of princes are most easily to be gained through their *femmes de chambre*, for which purpose they are to be made much of by every possible means, for thus we shall obtain access to every circumstance, even the most secret, which occurs in the family. In directing the consciences of great people, our confessors will follow the opinion of those authors who advocate a certain liberty, in opposition to the stricter interpretation of other religious orders. In consequence, great folk, one and all, will quit the others, preferring to depend on our direction and advice. Moreover, cautious and prudent insinuations must be made respecting the very ample power which the Society possesses of granting absolution even in cases reserved from the jurisdiction of other pastors and monks, namely, in dispensations from fasting, the payment of or the suing for debts, matrimonial impediments, and other well-known matters, which will cause the majority to have recourse to us and to incur obligations to us. The enmities and dissensions of great people are to be referred to us for reconciliation, for thus we shall little by little obtain the knowledge of their private and secret affairs, and so gain the confidence of one or other of the parties. If any servitor of a monarch or prince look coldly upon our Society, great pains must be taken either by our own people, or better through the means of other persons, to make him friendly

and familiar with the Society, by the promise of favour and promotion to be obtained from his monarch or prince.

Our members must exercise their influence over princes and great men in such a way as to make it appear that they are solely aiming at the greater glory of God and at a degree of conscientiousness which the princes themselves must approve of, for they must arrive little by little, and not abruptly, at worldly and political power. Therefore they must strongly inculcate that the distribution of honours and dignities must be made with a view to justice, and that God is highly offended by princes who act contrary to justice, and proceed from the impulse of passion. They will often and seriously protest that they have no wish whatever to meddle with public matters, but that they are compelled to speak against their will in consequence of the duties of their office. As soon as this point is well understood and admitted, they will explain the good qualities which are required to fit persons for advancement to the highest dignities and public offices, and, in the end, they will manage to suggest and nominate persons who have proved themselves to be sincerely attached to the Society. Our confessors and preachers must, above all, remember to treat princes with suavity and gentleness, and on no account to be severe with them either in their sermons or in private conversation, but to make faith and political justice the main topics of their exhortations.

When the Society is founding a new establishment, our people must be careful at first not to purchase landed property; but if they do buy any well-situated land, let it be done under the assumed name of some faithful and secret friend, in order that our poverty may be the more apparent. Let landed property near any of our colleges be made over to some distant college, to prevent the authorities from ascertaining the exact amount of the Society's revenues. Our people will select rich cities only as their collegiate residence, in imitation of our Lord Jesus, who sojourned mainly at Jerusalem. In each province, let none but the Provincial know precisely what the revenues are; but let the sums in the treasury at Rome be regarded as a holy mystery.

"How to gain rich widows for the Society" furnishes a chapter of considerable interest. For this purpose must be selected Fathers advanced in age, of a lively complexion and agreeable conversation. Let them visit these widows, and as soon as they perceive in them any liking for the Society, let them place at their disposal the good offices and the spiritual merits of the Society. If they accept, and begin to visit our churches, let them be provided with a confessor, by whom they may be well directed, with the intention of keeping them in their widowhood, by enumerating and lauding its advantages and pleasures. He may promise and answer for their certainly thus obtaining eternal bliss and avoiding the pains of purgatory.

The confessor will induce them to busy them-

selves with the embellishment of a chapel or oratory in their own house, where they may attend undisturbed to their spiritual exercises, so as to avoid the conversation and visits of any parties coming to woo; and even if they have a chaplain, our people must not neglect to celebrate mass there, and to keep the chaplain under their thumb. Everything belonging to the management of the house must be cautiously and gradually changed, due regard being had to the mistress, the neighbourhood, her likings, and her spiritual condition. Servants who do not communicate or correspond with the Society are especially to be got rid of (but little by little); and such are to be recommended (if there be any need to fill up the vacancies) as depend, or are willing to depend, on our people. We shall thus be informed of everything that passes in the family.

The confessor's grand object must be to get the widow to ask and follow his advice on all occasions; he will opportunely make her understand that such obedience is the only foundation of her spiritual advancement. Let him counsel the frequent usage of the sacrament of penitence especially, in which she may freely discover her most secret thoughts, and every temptation by which she is assailed. A thorough knowledge of her every inclination will be forwarded by her repeating a "general confession," even though she has made it elsewhere to another. Let her be repeatedly exhorted as to the benefits of widowhood and the vexations of matrimony, especially of a second marriage. Now and then, and dexterously, suitors whom she is known to detest may be proposed to her; of others, whom she is believed to favour, the vices and immoral lives may be described, so that, in any case, she may be disgusted with the idea of a second match.

As soon, therefore, as all has been made right with regard to the widowhood, then a spiritual (not a religious or conventual) life is to be recommended. Let the confessor, as soon as possible, close every access to a second marriage by making her take a vow of chastity for a term of two or three years at least; during which period all conversation with the opposite sex and recreation even with relations must be prohibited, on the ground that a more binding union has been formed with God. The ecclesiastics by whom the widow is visited, or whom she visits, if they cannot be all excluded, must still be such as depend upon our nod.

"How widows are to be kept, and how the goods they have are to be disposed of." Let them be urged continually to go on in devotion and good works, so that not a week may pass without their voluntarily depriving themselves of some superfluity in honour of Jesus, the Blessed Virgin, or the saint whom they have chosen for their patron—of something which they may lay out on the poor, or on the embellishment of churches, until they have stripped themselves of the spoils of the Egyptians. If they manifest especial liberality towards our own Society, and persist in it, let them partici-

pate in the benefit of all the Society's good works and merits, with a special indulgence from the Provincial, or, if they be persons of sufficiently exalted quality, from the General of the Order.

If they have taken a vow of chastity, let them renew it, according to our custom, twice a year, a decent recreation being granted to them for that day, in company with our own people. Let them be frequently visited, and amused and cheered with pleasant talk and witty stories and jokes, according to the humour and inclination of each. They must not be treated too severely in confession, lest they should fall into too low spirits, unless all hope be lost of regaining their favour which has been acquired by other parties: in all which great discretion is required to judge properly the inconstant temper of women. They must be ingeniously prevented from visiting and attending the festivals of other churches, especially those belonging to religious orders; and it must be impressed upon them that the indulgences of other orders are united in the Society. If they have to go into mourning, a handsome style of dress may be permitted, combining at the same time the spiritual with the worldly, so that they may not apprehend that they are completely governed by a spiritual person. Finally, provided there be no fear of their inconstancy, and if they prove faithful and liberal to the Society, let them be allowed whatever they require for sensuality [*concedatur illis quidquid ad sensualitatem requirunt*]—in moderation and avoiding scandal.

Their health and their amusement must also be attended to quite as carefully as their salvation; wherefore, if they suffer from indisposition, they must immediately be prevented from going on with fastings, hair-shirts, and other penitential corporal discipline, and not even be allowed to go out to church, but be managed with prudence and caution at home. No notice will be taken of their being brought into the (Jesuits') garden or the college, provided it be done secretly. They may be allowed to have interviews and secret recreation with the individuals who please them best.

To induce a widow to dispose of her revenues in favour of the Society, it will be well to set forth to her the perfection of the state of these holy men who, relinquishing the world and giving up their relations and their goods, served God with great resignation and joyfulness of mind; and also to quote the examples of widows who, by these means, attained sanctity in a short space of time, holding out the hope of canonisation if they persevere unto the end, and demonstrating that our credit with the Pope is quite sufficient for the purpose. Confessors will take very great care that widows of this class who are their penitents, do not visit other ecclesiastics on any pretence whatsoever, nor enter into the slightest familiarity with them. To prevent such occurrences, they will endeavour to vaunt the Society, on suitable occasions, as a more excellent Order than the others, as extremely useful to the Church, of the highest authority



with the Pope and temporal princes in general, very perfect in itself, because it dismisses noxious and unfit persons, and therefore contains within itself neither froth nor dregs, of which there is plenty amongst the monks, who are for the most part ignorant, stupid, lazy, negligent of their own salvation, gluttonous, &c.

If a widow during her life do not make over her goods entirely to the Society, let opportunities be taken of stating to her (especially when she is ill or in great danger) the poverty, the novelty, and the multitude of many colleges not yet founded, and of inducing her with suavity and urgency to undertake the expense, which will secure eternal glory to the foundress.

"How to act to cause the sons and daughters of widows to embrace the religious or devotional profession." As the mothers in this case must act with energy, our people may go gently to work. The mothers must be instructed to keep their children at a distance, by rebukes and punishments, from their tender years; and, as their daughters especially grow up, to deny them female finery, frequently expressing the wish and praying God that they may aspire after the monastic state, and promising a handsome dowry or portion if they consent to make themselves nuns. Let them enlarge upon the difficulties which are common to matrimony in general, as well as those they experienced in their own particular case; and let them express sorrow that they did not, in their time, prefer a single to a married life. In short, let them behave in such a way that their daughters especially, tired of the life they lead with their mother, may think of entering a convent.

Our people will converse familiarly with the sons; and if any appear fit to enter the Society, let them be opportunely brought into the college, and be shown and have explained to them whatever in any way is likely to please them and to induce them to join the Society; such as gardens, vineyards, country-houses, and farms, where our people go for recreation. Let them be told of our travels in different countries, of our intercourse with the princes of the world, and other matters interesting to youth. Let them see the cleanliness of our refectories and dormitories, the pleasant converse of our members, the easiness of our rule, which, nevertheless, is consistent with the glory of God, the pre-eminence of our Order over others, and let facetious talk be intermingled with pious discourse.

Our people will contrive that the preceptors of these young persons be attached to our Society, and watch over and export them for the end in view; but if they resist, let them suffer privations which will make them weary of their life. Let their mother explain the annoyance of a family. Finally, if they cannot be brought to enter the Society willingly and voluntarily, let them be sent, under the pretence of study, to some distant school of the Society, where they will receive very few indulgences from their

mother, but where the Society can entice and inveigle them, so as to transfer their affections to ourselves.

It must be frequently announced and given out that the Society is partly composed of professed members so indigent that, without the daily bounty of the faithful, they would be in utter want, and partly of other fathers who are poor indeed, but who possess landed property, simply that they may not be a burden to the neighbourhood in the pursuit of their studies and their religious functions, as other mendicants are.

In 1701, the flotilla brought to Spain a box of chocolate for the General of the Jesuits. The weight not answering to the description of the contents, it was opened. Inside were found ingots of gold coated over with chocolate. The government sent the gold to the mint to be coined, at the same time forwarding a box of genuine chocolate to the Jesuits, who dared not make any complaint or claim.

What has been said of widows is equally applicable to rich merchants and citizens, and to married persons in general without families, whose sole heir the Society not unfrequently become if these practices are prudently put in execution. If it happen that widowers or rich married persons, attached to the Company, have daughters only, our people will gently induce them to enter a devout or religious life, in order that, after leaving them something of a portion, the rest of the property may fall, bit by bit, into the Society's hands. If they have any sons suited to join the Company, they can be drawn into it; the others may be made to enter other religious orders, with the promise of a certain small sum. But if they have an only son, he must be secured to the Society, never mind how; all fear of his parents must be eradicated from his mind, and the vocation of Jesus inculcated, demonstrating to him that he will offer a most grateful sacrifice to God even if he run away from his parents without their knowledge and against their will. He can then be passed on to a remote novitiate, after the General has been informed of the matter.

Widows and other devout persons who ardently desire to attain perfection, must be brought to give up all their possessions to the Society, and to live on the income which will be paid to them for life, according to their requirements, so as to serve God with greater liberty, undisturbed by care or anxiety, and thus to arrive at the pinnacle of perfection. To convince the world more thoroughly of the Society's poverty, let the superiors borrow money from rich persons attached to the Company, by means of bills payable at a distant date. Afterwards, especially during a dangerous illness, visits may be made and hints thrown out, which will lead to the returning of the bill. In this way our people will not be mentioned in the last will and testament, and still we shall have gained considerably without exciting the jealousy of the heirs. Women who complain of their husbands' vices and the sorrow they cause them,



may be taught that they may secretly take any sum of money needful to expiate their husbands' sins and purchase their pardon.

In every place where our people reside, they must have some medical man, faithful to the Company, whom they will specially recommend to sick persons, and whose abilities they will exalt above all others; in order that he, in turn, recommending us above all other religious orders, may cause us to be called in by his most wealthy patients, and especially those who are on their death-beds.

After these specimens, "The choice of young people to be admitted into the Society, and the mode of retaining them," "How to behave to nuns and devotees," and other equally racy chapters, may be imagined to a certain extent.

### ANDALUSIAN TALES.

A COLLECTION of the legends and popular songs of Andalusia, lately published in Spanish, by the lady known as Fernan Caballero, is worth talking about. Spain, rich in popular legends, is very poor in such collections; indeed, this authoress may claim to be the first person who has heartily undertaken to search out and print the legends, songs, and proverbs, of the people. What she produces has the usual close relationship with the traditions of all other countries, and the usual local colour. Fernan Caballero tells the stories in the very language of the common people, which in Spain is singularly free from all that has with us given its bad sense to the word vulgar. By the way, are there not many of us who suppose that there is a bad sense in the word common, when they speak in English of the common people, as if the phrase meant anything more or less than the community? That is digression. We were only saying that the Andalusian peasant, when he tells a story, has the tongue of a gentleman, even although he has not studied at the crimson rock.

To study at the crimson rock is a legendary Spanish proverb for the acquiring of all possible accomplishments. The tale goes, that a certain Marquis Villena studied at the crimson rock with the Old Gentleman himself. His companion every day brought out a great table, and when they sat at it, all that was written on the crimson rock became plain to their eyes. The marquis in this way learnt more than the Old Gentleman, who became jealous thereof, and in a great passion threw the table over on his comrade, meaning to kill him. But the Marquis Villena being clever enough to foresee that danger, slipped out of the way, so that the table only fell upon his shadow and destroyed that. It is for this reason that the marquis was ever afterwards a shadowless man; and thus we see that Peter Schlemihl had, unknown to himself, an ancestor in Spain.

Now let us sit under a chesnut-tree, among the peasants, letting them tell us their own stories, and perhaps oblige us with a song.

Manuel the Muleteer begins:

Did you ever hear the tale of the marriage of Lady Fortune to Don Guinea (Doña Fortuna and Don Dinero)? I'm told they were so much in love together that you never saw the one without the other. Wherever Don Guinea went, there was Lady Fortune following him like his shadow. People began to make remarks, and so these two agreed they would get married. Don Guinea was a dolt with a round head of Peruvian gold, a belly of Mexican silver, feet of Segovian copper, and half-boots of paper from the Madrid factory. Lady Fortune was a great fool, faithless, and always running into extravagance, flighty, perverse, and as blind as a mole. These married people hardly got through their wedding-cake before they fell into strife; the wife wanted to rule the roost, but Don Guinea, inflated and vain as he is, found that not to his taste. As each wanted the top seat, and neither would yield to the other, they agreed to try which was the stronger of the two.

"Look yonder," said the woman to the man; "do you see that poor wretch in the shadow of the olive-tree, who droops his head so hopelessly? Let us try which of us two, you or I, can mend his lot." The man was content; they went to the olive-tree, he hopping like a frog, she at a leap, and then the two swells made their presence known.

The poor wretch, who never in all his life had seen either the one or the other, opened his eyes till they cracked at seeing their two mightinesses plant themselves before him.

"Do you not know me?" said Don Guinea to the pauper.

"I do not know your highness; but I am at your service."

"Have you never seen my face, then?"

"Never in all my life."

"How? Do you possess nothing?"

"Yes, my lord, I possess six children, naked as they were born, and hungry as wolves; but I possess no goods, I live only from hand to mouth."

"Then why do not you work?"

"Why, indeed! Because I find no work. I have such bad luck that everything goes the crab's way with me; it has hailed misfortune ever since I married. Just now an employer agreed with us for the digging of a well here, on condition that each should get a donbloon when water was found, but before then not a maravedi."

"Well bethought," said Don Guinea. "'Mo-neys in pocket, hands in pocket,' says the proverb. But proceed, man."

"We began to work with all our might; for, with all the doleful face your highness sees me in, I am a man, master."

"Ay, to be sure you are," said Don Guinea.

"You see, master," said the pauper, "there are four classes of men: there are men that are men, and there are mannikins; there are lads and there are laddies, who are not worth the water they drink. But as for us, we dug and dug, and the deeper we got the drier we found it. It was as if the earth were dried up to its

very heart. At the end of all ends, master, we found nothing but an old shoe."

"Well, then, now I will show you my favour," said Don Guinea, as he pressed a hard dollar into the man's hand.

It seemed a dream to him, and he flew rather than ran, for joy gave wings to his feet, and he pounced into a baker's shop, where he bought bread. But when he wanted to take out his money to pay for it, he found nothing in his pocket but a hole, through which the dollar had run out without waiting for leave.

The poor wretch, in despair, set himself to hunt for it; but how should he find it? To the pig that is meant for the wolf, Saint Anthony himself cannot bring help. Besides the dollar, the man lost his time; besides his time, his patience; and he began to complain against his adverse fortune, in a way to make one's flesh creep.

Lady Fortune held her sides for laughter, and the face of Don Guinea turned the yellower for wrath; but there was nothing for him to do but open his purse again, and now he gave the unfortunate wretch an ounce of gold, bidding him hold it tight in his hand, and put no more trust in a ragged pocket. Thereat the poor fellow could not contain himself for joy. But this time he did not go to the baker's, but, with the gold tight in his grasp, he went to the draper's to buy clothes for his wife and little frocks for his children. But then, when he gave his ounce in payment and expected change, a change there was, for the draper raised a great commotion, said it was bad money, and that its owner was a wicked coiner, whom he should deliver up to justice. When the poor man heard that, his cheeks turned so red hot that you could have roasted beans at them. He escaped out of the turmoil, and ran back to Don Guinea, to whom he told, with streaming tears, all that had happened. At the hearing of it Lady Fortune almost split herself with laughter, and Don Guinea was as near bursting with rage. "Take this," he said, offering to the poor fellow two thousand reals. "You really have most wretched luck, but I will help you out of it, unless I'm nobody."

The unlucky man was so overjoyed that he did not know whither he ran until he got his nose between a couple of highway robbers, who stripped him to the skin.

Lady Fortune then mocked her husband with a mischievous bit of endearment, and he made a face like that of an ape in a fury.

"Now it is my turn, dear," she said to him, "and we shall see which has the more might, petticoat or breeches."

She approached the miserable being who had thrown himself on the ground, where he was kicking and tearing out his hair, blew over him, and straightway he heard the dollar ring on the ground as he kicked it out of the leg of the trousers in which it had stuck.

"Something is something," said he. "Let me go and buy bread for the children, who have starved these three days and have sto-

machs as thin and easy to see through as a paper lantern."

As he passed by the draper's on his way to the baker's, out came the draper and cried after him, humbly begging pardon for his fancy that the gold ounce was bad money; an officer of the mint had called after he left and assured him that it was not only good, but even somewhat over-weight. Would his honour take it again, and the stuff also that he had bought, as compensation for the unjust accusation brought against him? The poor man was content to do that; packed all together, and as he strode with his pack across the market-place he came upon a troop of constables, who were just bringing in the thieves by whom he had been robbed. Behind them marched the judge, and such a just judge, that he ordered his two thousand reals to be restored to him without costs or drawback. With this money the man joined a cousin in the speculation of search for an iron mine, and he had not dug three yards before he came to a vein of gold, a vein of silver, and a vein of copper, out of which he got guineas, shillings, and halfpence, for all the rest of his days, and became a man of immense wealth and consideration.

Since that time Lady Fortune has had her husband quite under her thumb; but she leads a wilder and more whimsical life than ever, without sense or reason, scattering her luck. However, I've my share of it just now, if you have liked my story.

So tells the peasant moralist under the chestnut-tree. His neighbour Perez, the water-carrier, who is a Catalanian, strums his guitar, and sings to it this romance:

Mighty clash and clang of weapons,  
Shout and shriek uplifted yonder  
In the royal fort of Burgos,  
Where the men of might assemble,  
Bring the king himself, and with him  
All his courtiers, down the staircase.  
At the great gates of the palace  
Is the girl Jimena Gomez,  
Weeping with dishevelled tresses,  
For the count her father fallen,  
Where Rodrigo de Vivar  
Grasps a wet and blood-red sword.  
"Right and vengeance, gracious king—  
Vengeance on the head of traitors!  
Can you thus look down with smiling  
On your children's bloody deeds?  
Is no justice here, I seek it  
From the mighty mountains yonder,  
Since from man I have no comfort.

"Kings who do not shelter justice  
Are unworthy of their crowns,  
Of the bread upon their tables,  
Of their following of nobles."  
Stand the courtiers in confusion,  
Waiting for the royal word,  
And the king with cheerful favour  
Answers thus Jimena Gomez:  
"When Rodrigo de Vivar  
Stabbed your father to the heart,

Such was then the force of fortune,  
That I too must do her homage,  
For I cannot lose two nobles,  
Because one is lost already;  
Take the other for your husband,  
And be royally betrothed.  
Do you murmur? Then seek justice  
From the mighty mountains yonder,  
Since from man you have no comfort."

And all the Andalusians sigh for the sorrows of Jimena Gomez, as their comrade sweeps his hand with a last musical wail over the guitar strings. But next to Percy sits one who, after taking a draught from his water-skin, begins in another humour.

Somewhere or other there once lived an ugly old widow, thin as asparagus, and yellow as the fever; with such a shockingly bad temper that Lot himself would not have endured her. So she was called Aunt Holofernes, and whenever she put her head out of window, all the young people scampered away. Nevertheless, Aunt Holofernes was tidy and industrious, for which reason she had trouble enough with her daughter Pamphila, who was so indolent that it would take an earthquake to shake her into motion. The quarrelling between the two began at sunrise. "You are as dull as Dutch tobacco," said the mother to the daughter, "and one wants a team of oxen to draw you out of bed. When you are up it is nothing but sweetheating and looking out of window. But I'll make you leap about, I will." Pamphila, while her mother scolded, gaped and yawned, and, slipping behind her, passed out of the house door.

Aunt Holofernes then began to sweep with all her might, and accompany the wish, swish, wish with such a monologue as this:

"In my young days girls worked as hard as mules."

Wish, swish, wish went the broom.

"They lived as close as nuns"—wish, swish.

"Now they are a pack of fools"—wish, swish; lazy—wish, swish; dressy—wish, swish; flighty." But while the mother swept the daughter had beckoned to a swain, of whose back the old woman caught sight through the open door, and instantly down came the broomstick with a thwack upon it. When she had beaten the youth off, she beat her daughter.

"What's the matter," said Pamphila; "am I never to marry?" "Marry, indeed! How dare you think of such a thing?" "But you were married, and so was my grandmother." "Yes, and for that reason," said the old woman, "I know better than that any child of mine should ever do such a thing." But Pamphila went her old way, till one day when Aunt Holofernes had a wash, there was a great kettle of water boiling on the fire that Pamphila was to pour over the clothes, but just then there was a young man singing at the window, and so she slipped out. Hard-washing Aunt Holofernes lifted the kettle herself; but as she was too old to carry it, the water was spilt and her foot was

burnt. Then, while she was scolding at the pain, she looked out of window, and seeing her daughter again with the swain, began to scold at her, and prayed that if she was to be married, the Father of Mischief himself might be her husband.

Some time afterwards there came a suitor to Pamphila, so pretty, so soft-spoken, that not Aunt Holofernes herself knew how to say him nay. So he was accepted; but, as the wedding-day drew near, there were odd things said about the village. The new comer had a strange familiar manner with the scamps of the district, and shook hands with them in a fatherly way that puzzled men. Aunt Holofernes had her suspicions, and she did not at all like two little bumps on the top of his head that pushed up his hair in an odd manner. She remembered what she had wished when she burnt herself, and was not sure that she had not got more of her wish than she wanted.

But the wedding-day came. Aunt Holofernes had ready her sweet cakes and her bitter reflections. She had a great olla podrida for dinner, and a tun of wine ready that was very generous, as well as a plan that was very mean. When the married couple was about to enter the bridal chamber, the old woman, calling her daughter aside, said, "When you are first in your chamber, shut door and window carefully, stop every crack and cranny, and be sure that there is no hole anywhere open, except the keyhole. Then take this olive-branch that has been blessed in church to strike your husband on the back. That is a custom observed in all marriages, which signifies that in-doors the wife has rule, and its intention is to consecrate and confirm her authority.

Pamphila, for the first time in her life obedient to her mother, did all that she was told to do. And when the newly married husband saw the consecrated olive-branch in his wife's hand, he was in a hurry to escape. But as every hole and cranny was stopped up, except the keyhole, he was obliged to squeeze himself through that, for the suspicion of the old woman was correct: this was the Father of Mischief himself, who may be very clever, but who had now got into the hands of a stepmother more than his match. For when he had wriggled himself through to the other side of the keyhole, he was in a bottle that had been fixed there to receive him, and when he was in the bottle the old woman carefully corked and sealed it up. The son-in-law, with the humblest and poliest expressions, begged her to let him free. But Aunt Holofernes, who was not to be cheated even by him, took the bottle and marched with it up to the top of a mountain, without resting, till she got to its steep, rocky, deserted peak; on that she left the bottle, and came down again shaking her fists at her son-in-law as she departed.

There his highness was enthroned for the next ten years. And what years they were!—peace all over the world; everybody minded his own business without meddling with other folk's

affairs; nobody wanted to wear anybody else's shoes; swords grew rusty, prisons were empty; it was a golden time, with only one misery in it: the lawyers all died of hunger and holding their tongues.

But every good thing in the world comes to an end. The soldier Boldwit having leave to return for a short time to his own home, which was the village in which Aunt Holofernes dwelt, was not a man to lengthen his way by going round about a mountain. If it lay in his way, he marched straight over it, and so he came to the peak where Aunt Holofernes had left her bottled son-in-law, expecting his release. The soldier was surprised to find a bottle there with a live thing jumping about in it, for the poor devil, with long fasting and drying in the sun, looked like a dry, wrinkled prune. "What queer sort of beetle can this be?" said Boldwit. "I am a respectable and well-deserving father," said the prisoner, "Father of Mischief and stepson to Aunt Holofernes, the most treacherous of stepmothers. Valiant soldier, let me out, and I will give you the first thing you wish."

"The first thing I wish for is discharge from the army," replied Boldwit, instantly.

"You shall have it. Now uncork me."

Boldwit raised the cork a little, and up came a mephitic smell that made him sneeze. So he screwed down the cork again, and sent it further in with a stout thump of his fist, whereat the prisoner twisted and screamed, "What are you doing, wretched worm, more faithless and cruel than my stepmother?"

"It has come to my mind," said Boldwit, "that I have a right to make one other condition if I do you this great service. You must pay me for your release four dollars a day."

"Miser! I have no money."

"Then stay in the bottle," said the soldier, and began to march down hill; but the prisoner cried after him, "Wait, wait. If I cannot give you money I can put you in the way of getting it. But let me out! let me out!"

"Easy!" the soldier answered. "Nobody is here to hurry us; nobody in the world wants you. If you come out, you must also understand that I hold you fast by the tail till you have kept your promise. If not, you stop where you are." "Tail or nose, dear friend, tail or nose!" shouted the prisoner. But he whispered to himself, "I'll pay you out, my friend."

So the bottle was uncorked, and the stepson of dame Holofernes crept out slowly as a chick from the shell, head first, then arms, then body; but when the tail came out, Boldwit seized it, however much the imp tried to tuck it in between his legs.

When the freed bit of mischief had stretched himself and rubbed his joints a little, they set forth, he hopping before like a frog, and Boldwit, who marched stoutly after him, holding tight by his tail. So they came to the king's court, and then the Father of Mischief said to his liberator: "I will get inside the princess's body, and when the king her father, who loves her beyond

measure, sees what mischief is going on inside her, so that no doctor can do her any good, you shall come and cure her for a pension of four dollars a day. So we shall be quits."

All happened so; but when all was done, Mischief was wrong in thinking he could go his ways. Boldwit held him fast by the tail again, and said: "On full consideration, sir, four dollars a day is beggarly reward for what I have done to serve you. Find a way of being more liberal, and so get yourself a little credit in the world."

The tail being in firm grip, there was only one way of getting free; but "I will play you a trick, young soldier," said Mischief to himself. "Come along, then," he said, aloud. "There is another being, daughter at the court of Naples; we will go through the same business with her, and you shall ask her hand and half the throne for curing her."

So it was done; but when the soldier made his conditions, the King of Naples made also his, namely, that the adventurer should be hanged if at the end of three days he had not made a complete cure. Now Mischief heard that, and behaved accordingly. He jumped for joy at his prospects, and every jump inside her made the princess twist in her bed. She was very bad on the first day, worse on the second day, and so bad that she shrieked for the doctor to be sent for on the third day. Boldwit saw what his friend proposed to himself, but was not a man to lose his head over a difficulty. Directly opposite the palace gate his majesty had already built the gallows. When, on the third day, Boldwit entered the princess's chamber, she screamed, "Throw the quack out of window!" But he said to the king, with professional gravity, "All my resources are not yet exhausted. Will your majesty have patience with me for a few more minutes?" Upon that he left the chamber, and in the princess's name ordered all the bells in the town to be set ringing.

When he returned to the princess's chamber, the Mischief, who is a hater of bell-ringing, and, besides, is at all times very much plagued with curiosity, asked what saint they were ringing for.

"They ring," replied the soldier, "a welcome to your stepmother, whom I have had fetched."

But the Father of Mischief no sooner heard that his stepmother was arrived than he made off with such expedition that a sunbeam wouldn't have overtaken him. Thus he was forced to leave the soldier to his reward and to the glory of having been as much too clever for him as his stepmother herself.

And so the tales go round. We have picked these up, not with the dropped fruit under a chesnut-tree, but from a learned German journal of romance literature, to which an account of Fernan Caballero's new volume has been contributed by Ferdinand Wolf. The Catalonian romance was quoted in the same journal with sundry others, not direct from the lips of a guitar-player, but from a manuscript in the



library of Barcelona, where it is marked with a note here and there, to guide the singer under the shade or by the fountain.

### SALMON.

WE are most of us accustomed daily to sit down to a good dinner, whereat fish, flesh, and fowl are presented in various tempting forms to our appetites. But does it ever occur to the diner to consider whence come all these luxuries? Does he ever reflect upon the amount of labour, intelligence, and capital, that must be expended before he can take his bit of fish, his slice of roast beef, or his wing of a pheasant? Thank goodness we are not likely to run short of the two former articles, but we think our guest would drop his knife and fork, open his eyes pretty widely, were we to tell him that there is a great probability that in a few more years there will be no more salmon to be had for money, that fish, inhabitants of both fresh and salt water, are becoming every year more and more scarce, and that he must soon dine fishless. Since the creation of man, many creatures have positively perished from off the face of the earth, many wantonly destroyed, more consigned to the boiling pot and the spit. It will doubtless be news to many that, among the silent effects which our present age is producing upon the animal creation—one of those mighty results which silently and slowly grow from day to day, from year to year, till at last they burst upon our view a stupendous fact, a thundering avalanche composed of thousands of minute flakes of snow—is the gradual extinction of the salmon. The cry of “Salmon in danger!” is now resounding throughout the length and breadth of the land. A few years, a little more over-population, a few more tons of factory poison, a few fresh poaching devices and newly-invented contrivances to circumvent victims, and the salmon will be gone—he will become extinct. In all human probability, our grandchildren will be as proud of knowing “a man who has tasted a salmon” as even we, in the present day, are of the acquaintance of a friend who has eaten a salmon caught in the river Thames. Here is a great fact under our very noses. Salmon lie on the marble slabs of Billingsgate and Hungerford, shining beauties, plump and of good kind, radiant in their lustrous silver coats. But whence come they? From north, south, east and west. From the Thames? No, not one. Yet the time was, and this no more than sixty years ago, when the salmon-fishers drew their nets at the village of Barnes; when they covered the shingle there with shining fish, and sent off in a tax-cart fish to market, caught not eight miles from London-bridge. Here is a fact patent to all, and within the actual experience of many. What has happened to the Thames will, in all likelihood, happen first to one river then to another within the British Isles, and gradually, slowly, the race will become extinct.

And are we, active, healthy Englishmen in heart and soul, full of veneration for our ancestors, and thoughtful for the yet unborn, upon whom the honour of this country will depend in future generations, to stand still with arms folded, and allow this great evil to continue? Shall we not rather face the truth, throw off all disguise, and probe the mischief to its bottom? Shall we not step in between wanton destruction and fair allowance of capture, be it by net or rod, and so ward off the obloquy which will be attached to our age, when the historian of 1961 will be forced to record “that the inhabitants of the last century destroyed the salmon, and did much injury to other species of fish *now* so rare in this country?”

We know the trite story of a patient being under several quack oculists for inflammation of the eye. The poor man was leeches, blistered, physicked, and green-shaded, all to no purpose. At last he went to an army surgeon, who looked in his eye, and found a great bit of cinder from a railway engine, which had been keeping up all the irritation. The salmon doctors must go to work in the same way. They must find out the reason why salmon should be now so scarce, as is proved by the price of the daily markets. Let us contrast the present prices with those of former years. We read in the daily papers: “Billingsgate Market, June 18, 1861, salmon, 1s. to 1s. 6d. per pound.” A different state of things, this, from the times when, according to an old story, apprentices bargained that they should not be fed with salmon *more than three times a week*. This story has of late been doubted. I bring three witnesses, who write in the Field newspaper, March 2, 1861, to prove it. Mr. G. Shotton, of South Shields, says: “My uncle, a magistrate of the borough, and eighty years old, tells me, I have seen and read an indenture of apprenticeship of a boy to a boat-builder of this town, where it was expressly conditioned that the apprentice was not to be fed upon salmon oftener than three times a week.” Mr. G. H. Smith, Hansworth, Birmingham, says: “My father, who died last year, aged seventy-eight, said he himself had once put his name to a draper’s apprentice’s indentures at Worcester, in which it was distinctly worded that the apprentice should not be compelled to eat salmon more than three times a week. I myself have known sewin, caught in the Tivy, at Carmarthen, cried through that town at 2½d. per pound by the public crier, about twenty-five years since.” X Y X says: “I can produce plenty of credible evidence that on the shores of the Solway Firth farmers’ servants formerly rebelled in their hirings against salmon altogether, by reason of the almost daily repetition of them.”

Here is a sad contrast: the salmon doctors must, therefore, deal with the exciting causes of the complaint, and one by one must get rid of them. What are these causes? First and foremost, nets and paid engines (the angler’s aversion)—nets in all forms, shapes, and sizes—nets half as long as Regent-street, and as deep as the first-floor windows are high—nets placed

across the rivers like the hurdles across the much-worn paths in Hyde Park—day nets, night nets, and nets that fish by themselves day and night. Imagine Rotton Row a salmon stream, the good citizens salmon. Four P.M., the spate and the fish running up, a great net is spread at the three arches at Hyde Park-corner, another great net from the statue to the Duke's house, nets half way across the Row every fifty yards,\* and every now and then a wall with nets in the gaps; add to this, fierce and cunning ogres fishing for us from the walk with rods and hooks baited with devices the most tempting to our nature. How many of us would get up to Kensington Gardens, where, all connected there listening to the band, suddenly from the tree-tops is let down a huge net, and the assembled crowd encircled with its lethal meshes, and taken out like a net of cabbages out of a kitchen boiler; even suppose a few did, and imagine the young fish coming down again from the Gardens to the sea (which we will call Piccadilly), the innocents would be stopped short by the nets and caught by the rods;† they would be knocked in the head by the wheels (mill-wheels); one out of a thousand would get away safely. Rotton Row would soon become depopulated, Kensington Gardens spawnless, and the race extinct; the ogres would give up preserving our race.

The case above drawn is no exaggeration if applied to fish. And here are five causes of the decrease of salmon written in black and white:

1. The employment of fixed engines, machinery, and other methods of fishing, which are prejudicial to the interests of the fisheries, whether at the mouths of rivers or up stream, and their name is legion.

2. The wilful polluting and poisoning of rivers. Fish can no more live in impure water than we can in carbonic acid gas.

3. The killing, sale, and exportation of unseasonable fish. We don't eat a pheasant in June.

4. Want of observance of a strict and proper limited close-time while the fish are breeding, so

\* In the rivers Ribble and Hodder, I am informed, on good authority, the young salmon (smolts) were caught by the thousands on their way to the sea in "shackle nets," and are sold to be eaten at 8d. a pound. Ye foolish fishers, ye are eating bank-notes at 8d. a pound. In Scotland, millers, navvies, labourers of all kinds, arm themselves with a wand, and catch all they can as bait for their own hungry maws and to catch (gads) pikes.

† In the Field newspaper, May 28, 1861, is a facsimile drawing of a piece of a stake net from the Solway Firth. It will be seen that a pound trout could hardly pass through the mesh; which, moreover, has been so thickly covered and heavily coated with pitch, that it is much reduced in size, and rendered almost as rigid as thick wire. A formidable list of the stake nets in the Solway Firth is given; some of them extend out into the Firth two-thirds of a mile, and when to some fifty of these nets are added the three hundred poke nets, it is a wonder that anything ever enters into the numerous and beautiful rivers that flow into the Solway Firth.

as to ensure the free passage of travelling fish to their spawning-beds up stream.

5. The obstruction caused in rivers by mill-dams and weirs, built with little or no regard to the progress of the salmon, and in a great many rivers totally preventing the fish from going up stream, except in heavy spates and high floods.

These five heads include, in a very few words, such a vast amount of human rascality, as would indeed form an excellent theme for a novelist, were he in search of new facts whereby to demonstrate the selfishness, and cruelty, and wickedness of our race. It would, indeed, seem that the salmon was our deadliest enemy instead of our best friend. The order is, catch him with nets, fairly if possible, but, anyhow, catch him; poison his atmosphere, smoke him out, spear the spawning mother, rendered tame for the moment by her natural instinct to propagate her species, sell her carcase (for it can be called nothing else), cut the throat of the golden goose and sell her body, and hang the consequences! Whosoever and whosoever man has taken upon himself to interfere with Nature, Nature retaliates by giving him trouble. If there were no game-laws, where would now be our pheasants, partridges, hares, and rabbits? If the coverts were netted, the birds shot down, the eggs destroyed, the breeding parents exterminated, where would the future supply come from? In a short time a British pheasant would become as rare as a British bustard, a Jack hare as scarce as a Saxon wolf. Yet the poor salmon is persecuted in every way, and the natural consequence is that his race is fast waning, and, if strenuous means are not adopted, will utterly fade away. Again, the selfishness of man is brought into operation in the persecution of this unfortunate fish. They come—to use a complimentary phrase applied by a local paper to the good folks at Ascot Races—in "countless hordes" to the mouth of a river which shall be nameless, the proprietor of the fisheries at the mouth of the river stops their progress by every possible impediment, and does his utmost to hinder a single fish ascending higher than his own pools; he thins their ranks like a charge of English grape-shot sent into a crowded Chinese fort: then the next proprietor above has his turn at them; and so on, till the few fortunate survivors of this sub-aqueous "forlorn hope" arrive at their haven of bliss, the clear upper waters, where they anticipate peace and quietness.

No such thing; the upper proprietors are determined to have their share of the fisheries, and a goodly average of the fish are destroyed. The upper proprietor says, "I will not preserve the fish that their progeny may go into the net of the lower proprietor." This gentleman plants his hands in his pockets, fixes his hat on his head, and orders more nets and more fishing-boats.

The middle proprietors care neither for their neighbour on their right hand, nor for their neighbour on their left, and "all is fish that comes to their net." Personal quarrels and conflicting interests all heap death and destruction on the salmon. We never see the inevitable dogcrossing

the race-course, hunted and hooted by everybody, without thinking of the salmon. Parliament, as will be seen hereafter, is about to intrude itself, like a policeman into a riot, and will shortly endeavour to settle all the suicidal disputes. In the mean time, a number of influential gentlemen, proprietors of fisheries, scientific men, and others, have formed themselves, under the able presidency of Lord Saltoun, into an "Association for the Preservation of the Fisheries of Great Britain and Ireland;" and diligent and sharp-eyed fish-lawyers, who collect the facts to go into the High Court of Parliament before the cause comes on, have been doing their best. They have classified the causes of the decrease of salmon given and amplified under five heads as above; they have also discovered that our neighbours, the French, are so mightily fond of British salmon that they will eat them when out of season. British poachers will therefore catch them out of season.\* The association, therefore, boldly formed a deputation to Lord J. Russell, in order to request him to use his influence with the French government to stop the sale of salmon at Paris during the British fence months. Lord Saltoun stated that it was found that during the fence months (about twenty weeks) not less than fifty tons of foul fish were exported to Paris. Persons who had seen the contents of these fish-boxes had described them as a mass of putrefying garbage, with the spawn running out all over the fish, oozing through the packages, and utterly unfit for human food; and how the French cooks managed to make them eatable he could not imagine. They found, also, that on many rivers in Devonshire the fry were taken by bushels to be converted into sardines. Oh, for the pen of Ovid to describe the process!

We wish the association every support, and it is certain the fish do.

Now, let us see what the salmon would do if left alone. That the flesh of fish is admirably suited to man's constitution there can be no doubt; the various kinds of fish have been analysed, and have been found to contain iodine. Who ever saw the disease of goitre among fishermen? Salmon fresh from the sea contain a certain amount of iodine and a wonderfully nutritious oil. He is the bacon pig among fishes. Dead or alive he is "the king of the fish." There are miracles still amongst us no longer considered miracles because of daily occurrence. The Great Distributor of his bountiful gifts to man sends to the inhabitants of sandy deserts flights of locusts and of quails; he sends to us "of the isles" the produce of the vast expanse of waters, which would otherwise be a real desert. What can the reflecting man call the annual self-sown, self-presented harvest of the herring, of the cod, of the mackerel, and of the royal fish the salmon, but a standing

miracle? What the herring does now, the salmon would do if left alone. There are spots on the earth, where men are found few and far between, in which salmon are as plentiful as herrings. At Petropaulovski, we read, they come up the river in such thousands that their dead bodies cause a plague. Crossing the Rocky Mountains, a traveller came to a pool literally alive with salmon, as thick in it as tadpoles in a puddle. Suppose England to be depopulated for a few years, doubtless our salmon rivers would assume the same appearance. This fish is a very self-preserving fellow, his instincts are strong, his bodily powers great to carry out his instincts; he will charge the fierce and boiling stream, he will rush at a cataract like a thorough-bred steeple-chase horse, returning to the charge over and over again, like a true British fish as he is. And what is all this for? His instinct compels him to ascend in order to place the eggs in a position favourable for their development, and where they shall, in due season, become young fish. Arrived at a suitable place, the female fish makes a nest—not an elaborate one, certainly—but the word egg implies the word nest, and Madame Salmon deposits her eggs in a nest of shingle and gravel. Birds, for the most part, consider it their duty to sit patiently upon their eggs. Not so the fish. The matronly barn-door hen superintends a nursery of from twelve to eighteen young chicks, but imagine any living female beast, bird, or fish presenting at one and the same time some twenty thousand tiny images of their dear mamma. Yet this is a fact: it has been ascertained and calculated, both at home and abroad, that "for every pound weight a fish produces one thousand eggs;" and fish of twenty pounds weight not unfrequently spawn in our rivers. The mother fish, therefore, we may imagine, foreseeing the trouble that such a numerous family would be likely to entail, just gives them one fond look, turns tail, and leaving them to their little selves, goes away down into the sea to recruit her strength. Then come the persecutors of the orphan eggs; trout,\* eels, water-ouzzels and other birds, and all sorts of minute water creatures, find out the nest, and show as much mercy on them as does the old carrion crow to an unprotected nest of pheasants. Some, however, escape, and then these orphan youngsters have to begin their sad experiences of life, and a general massacre of the innocents takes place by enemies both on land and in the water.

These natural hinderances to the too great increase of salmon would be all right and proper if man did not interfere, for there would be too many salmon, but when man claims his share of the spoil the candle is burnt at both ends, and

\* A recruit from Berwick we lately medically examined for the Life Guards, confessed to us that his occupation had been of late spearing salmon in the Tweed, and selling them at a high and remunerative price for the French market.

\* "We lately saw ten full-grown smelts cut out of the stomach of a yellow trout of one and a half pounds weight. Out of the stomachs of similar marauders from five hundred to six hundred ova have been taken, the result of a single meal."—The Field, May 25, 1861.

even yearly individual families of twenty and thirty thousand cannot keep up the demand. Men, therefore, wise in their generation, are now in the habit, not of bird-nesting, but fish-nesting. Whereas, however, the fishes' nest is difficult to be taken, the art of impregnating the eggs artificially—the discovery of two observant but humble fishermen in France named Gehin and Rémy—has now become a science; by a simple and easy process the eggs are taken from the mother, fecundated artificially with nature as a guide, and placed in artificial nests, which consist of boxes half filled with gravel, and with a stream of water, managed by hatchways, running perpetually over them. In time the eggs develop themselves, and out comes the little Master and Miss Fish. There is no kind nurse to give them their proper soft food, but Nature, the kindest of nurses, has packed their food up all ready for them in a pretty little bag which she has fastened on to the lower part of their bodies. This forage-bag also acts another part: the baby-fish is born in a rapid stream, and is liable to be swept away into a hundred feet of water at the instant of birth; his pap-bag, however, serves as an anchor, and keeps his transparent body down snugly under some stone; at last the bag is absorbed, and away goes the young fish, if hatched artificially, into a nice pond, where he is as comfortable as our own little ones are in a large nursery; if hatched in the river, he soon finds out some quiet place where he can grow at his leisure and become an ornament to his family. Should the reader ever visit Perth, he should obtain permission to visit the salmon-breeding pools at Stormontfields, where he will see the whole apparatus. I have the pleasure of the friendship of Mr. Benst, of Perth, who is one of the active managers of the Stormontfields ponds, and in the Field, for May 25, 1861, we learn that on May 18th the ponds were visited by a party of gentlemen; for eight days previous the helper had observed strong indications of a desire for freedom (i.e. to go to the sea), on a part of his finny wards. The sluices were removed, and a considerable number at once sought the river. The ova of which the present fry is the produce was placed in the boxes at various times, from 15th November to 13th December, 1859. The whole fry, amounting, it is estimated, to somewhat approaching to two hundred thousand fish, is the produce of nineteen male and thirty-one female salmon. This is now the fifth crop from the ponds, and the experiment, small as is the scale upon which it has been conducted, has succeeded well. It has proved that the eggs of salmon may be as carefully hatched as those of fowls, and with comparatively as small a loss, while those spawned in the open river are destroyed in millions by countless natural enemies, as well as droughts, spates, and fluctuations of the water.

The French government have seen the vast

importance of pisciculture, so they have established at Huningue, near Basle, a regular fish manufactory, where they hatch salmon-trout, fera, ombre-chevalier, and Danube salmon. A single apparatus, of about nine feet in length and three feet in width, is estimated to hatch the ova of twenty thousand salmon, or twenty-five thousand trout, or thirty thousand ombre-chevalier. It is as difficult to transport baby-fish as it is to carry about human babies, but fishes' eggs are as easily sent about as fowls' eggs. Millions of eggs of the five kinds of fish above mentioned are collected, incubated, and sent to stock various remote rivers all over France.

What has been done in France may surely be done in England. Many private gentlemen have now seen the importance of pisciculture, and have, at the cost of a few pounds, turned a useless stream of clear running water into a vivifier of thousands of fish. What we require is a regular establishment, where the art should be carried out and brought to perfection here in our own favoured land.

The subject of our fisheries is now beginning to assume considerable importance in the national mind. Parliament has found out that it is necessary to interfere to prevent the wholesale slaughter of the salmon which is going on. They wisely foresee the consequences of the suicidal fishing that everywhere is prevailing. They have determined to deal with the evil with a strong hand, and to make a magna charta for the inhabitants of our streams. This act is now before us, and the laws and regulations are as strict as those of Newgate prison. As it has not yet passed, we will defer noticing it till the fight which must ensue about it is over, and then tell our readers what is to be done. It will be an important fight—a regular ichthyomachia—a battle between man and fish.

The clouds have gods, and gods have eyes,  
Ye fish, ye fish, your great avengers rise.

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